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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS IMOGEN, AT THE LYCEUM.

"I am nothing; and if not, nothing to be were better."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Omnia vincit amor. This highly respectable piece of Latin sets forth one of those propositions which do not usually excite speculation. We accept the all-conquering virtue of love, and pass on. But I am minded to ask whether this orthodox supremacy can be said to comprehend the love of books. Is man or woman ever braced in the great crises of life to an overmastering resolution by the sight of some dearly beloved volumes on a shelf? Is it likely that an overstrung nature, crushed by the failure of every hope, un comforted by religion or any system of philosophy, would be turned from the thought of a poisonous juice in a too convenient bottle by a bundle of eminent poets and romancers? This question arises out of the chief situation in Mrs. Ridley's clever "Story of Aline." Aline is married to the wrong man; crippled by a fall in the hunting-field, he has just been told that he may linger for years, a miserable wreck in an invalid's chair. The man his wife cares for is on the point of marrying another woman; there is nothing left for Aline, she thinks, except suicide; and, having taken a last look at the stars, she is about to swallow an overdose of chloral, when she spills some of it over an open book of poems, and the horrid blister on the favourite page reminds her in the nick of time that the duty she owes to her Shakspeare, Goethe, Scott, Tennyson, Rossetti, Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold, is to live.

Well, men and women have lived through such a crisis, and worm have not eaten them; but was it for love of books? Does Mrs. Ridley convince her readers in this scene? Suppose it were enacted on the stage, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell were to dash the chloral from her lips because a drop of it had spoilt a page of a much-esteemed author, lying open beside her. Would the public feel cheated of its due, or would there be an instantaneous sense that Mrs. Patrick Campbell, despite the gloomy condition of her affairs, could not reasonably be expected to cut herself off from her small but admirably chosen library? I have a suspicion that this would not be generally regarded as an adequate motive for refusing to harrow our feelings with a picturesque and palpitating heap on the floor. Here it may be objected that the personality of the lady is a distraction from the argument, because the public is accustomed to see certain actresses commit suicide when they show an inclination that way; and a departure from this convention might produce acute disappointment, a state of mind unfavourable to the sober consideration of our present problem. I don't think there is much in the objection; but even if the scene were played by an actress associated in the popular mind with an uncompromising will to live—by Marie Wilton, let us say, as she was in the golden days when she used to make puddings on the stage—I fear the playgoer would feel there was something lacking to the emotional instant when she clasped the literary treasures of her girlhood to her heart as so many reasons for locking up the poison, and going on with the roly-poly!

It is true that Aline's authors do her a good turn, for, as she is reflecting that she ought to live for the sake of their excellent company, there is the sound of a pistol-shot; her husband, who is not a reading man, blows his brains out upstairs. His rash hand was not stayed by Shakspeare or Marcus Aurelius; he was never known to read anything except the cheap comic papers; and you cannot expect a suicide to take his finger off the trigger when he suddenly bethinks himself of the insoluble Ally Sloper. The husband's horrible end and the wife's salvation make a pretty dramatic tribute to the influence of literature; and yet I cannot bring myself to believe that, had Aline died, the coroner's jury would have accepted this as direct evidence of the insufficiency of Marcus Aurelius, and even of Carlyle. You see, the argument cuts both ways. If our eminent authors ought to save us from suicide, they must be condemned when they fail. Shakspeare must be haled before the coroner and made to understand that he is a much overrated writer—dismissed from the court, indeed, with a damning stain upon his character. Perhaps Aline thought of this, and was cured of her suicidal impulse by the painful odium into which it threatened to bring several distinguished bards, story-tellers, and philosophers. She may have had a sudden vision of their great works going out of print, and of the defacement of their busts and other monuments by popular indignation.

Now, if the heroine of a novel, driven to despair by family complications, were to pour out the poison and spill some of it on the handle-bar of her bicycle, I should not think the situation wholly incredible when she dissolved in a passion of self-reproachful tears over that devoted companion. Books, after all, even the best of them, may be heavy and inert, dulling the senses with twice-told tales, or exasperating monotony by propositions in cold print from which our

nerves dissent; but the bicycle is alive, a perpetual stimulus, more than human in its perversity and caprice. Who could desert a bicycle, in order to plunge into the trackless Beyond? Don't tell me that a bibliophile is just as strongly wedded to his uncut edges; a bibliophile is not a man, but a disembowelled virtuoso. Had Aline been a cyclist, she would have banished the chloral when she pictured her favourite charger sold to an ironmonger, and let out on hire to amateurs, incapable of appreciating his pretty ways. I am confidently expecting some official statistician to point out that the suicide rate in these islands has declined because life becomes dearer as the passion for cycling gradually infects every stratum of the population. You can empty the world of what is commonly called adventure, and exhaust the vagaries of vice; the North Pole will be found some day, and mute, inglorious Nansens will never leave their native Fjords; custom may even stale the infinite variety of woman; but no cup of cold poison will ever tempt the true cyclist from the delirium of a nocturnal ride. What does Rudyard Kipling's Banjo say?—

I am Memory and Torment, I am Town,
I am all that ever went with evening-dress.

That is a pale suggestion of emotional intensity compared to the experience of turning a corner in the dark on a wet wood pavement and feeling the bicycle "skid"! Who will sing that sensation which, next to an earthquake, is the most actual hint of the eternal spinning of the earth? Who will paint the upheaving traffic, the pawing horses, the oburgatory cabmen? Beside this scene, all that ever went with evening-dress is rank poverty of imagination!

I know you may meet the automatic cyclist not to the manner born, who will tell you he is chained to the bicycle, like the galley-slave to the oar, by the mere tyranny of custom. He does not believe in cycling as an exercise; he is no Turveydrop of the bicycle, who educates classes and masses in Battersea Park by a graceful and unconscious display of gentlemanly deportment; he hates the menial drudgery of pumping, cleaning spokes, wrestling with screws; he can see no decorative art in pouring oil into the injured parts of the machinery, like a Samaritan tending an injured traveller on the highway. Cycling for health is, to his mind, a fraudulent pretence; the motion is never agreeable except for a few moments on a flat stretch of road; up hill or against the wind, it is an imposture and a torment. He will tell you there are many bosoms in which this confession will prompt a furtive response, that it will be read by many cyclists with an affectation of wonder, while they are secretly envying its courage. Is there a conspiracy to pretend that we mount these hobbies of ours with alacrity and alight with regret?

To an occasional misgiving even a devoted cyclist may plead guilty. It rose in my mind when a polite American, passing me one day, observed, "Your back tyre's deflated, I guess." There was a horrid novelty in the word. "Inflated" I knew, but "deflated," until that moment, I had never heard of. Its aptness was painfully obvious; so was the futility of the pump which I proceeded to apply to the delinquent, greatly to the diversion of a small crowd, in which somebody said presently—there is always an obtrusive humorist handy in such an emergency—"That sort of pumpin' ain't no good; better 'ave it done by steam!" Another disturbing experience was an encounter with the wheel of a hansom. This was quite stationary, when, for some mysterious reason, the bicycle went plump against it, nearly twisting a pedal off. The opportunity for satire was not wasted by the driver of that hansom. "Cawn't blame the cabman *this time!*" he said, as I led my damaged steed away, conscious that there was no opening for repartee. Here is a very grave matter for cyclists. How are we to train ourselves to cope with the wit of cabmen and of the official custodians of omnibuses? I think of calling some day at a cabmen's shelter, and suggesting to the most fluent inmate that he should take evening classes in idioms suitable to congested traffic. Something more piquant than "deflated" must enrich my vocabulary!

Then the bell needs improvement; at present it lacks distinctive quality and tone. Mine conveys to the timid pedestrian the impression of a rider who is gruff, choleric, and eager to sweep the world aside, whereas my disposition is most peaceable and democratic. A bell ought to be so constructed as to respond to the individuality that directs its intonations. I fancy this development of the articulation of bells would enhance the interest of the cyclist in the public ear. Nay, I am not without hope that when public opinion demands the removal of the effigy on the top of the Duke of York's Column, his place will be taken by the figure of some eminent cyclist, who will be prompted by an electric cord to sound an enchanting bell on occasions of great popular rejoicing.

MR. FRED STOREY AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.



AS DON QUIXOTE.



AS RIP VAN WINKLE.

NOVEMBER 14, 1896.

With Apologies.

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a Hansom to a 'Bus,
 "There's a Motor close behind us, and he's kicking up a fuss.
 See how many of these wondrous cars are standing in a row!
 They are waiting for the signal—will you come and join the show?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the show?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the show?"

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,
 When they start us on our journey down to Brighton-by-the-Sea!"
 But the 'Bus replied, "Too far, too far! I'm hanged if I will go!"
 Still, he thanked the Hansom kindly, though he could not join the show—
 Could not, would not, could not, would not, could not join the show—
 Could not, would not, could not, would not, would not join the show.

"What matters it how long the way?" replied his two-wheeled friend,
 "We're going to lunch at Reigate, and there's dinner at the end.
 They say they're going to cut us out—I want to see 'em go!
 So do not cuss, beloved 'Bus, but come and join the show.
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the show?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the show?"

W. M. W.

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Nov. 18, 1896.

Signature.....

TWO "BOOMS" OF THE PUBLISHING SEASON.

The autumn publishing season has given us two little "booms"—one in
 books of a military and naval character, the other in works dealing with
 natural history. It would probably be more accurate to say that a
 bulging-out of literature in these directions has been manifest for some
 time back. However, it is when you get the full swell of the autumn
 publishing season that you are best able to mark off new tendencies on
 the part of the reading public. That is why I spoke of "booms"; and
 now to a consideration of them. I have discussed the twin subject with
 various publishers and booksellers, my general question to them being,
 "Why those movements—what the causes of them?"

I.—MILITARY AND NAVAL BOOKS.

The other afternoon I was in a book-shop, when a pretty girl entered
 and asked for a volume which appeared some little time ago. What do
 you think it was? A novel, of course! No, it referred to the Navy.

There can be little doubt that the recent popularity of what may be
 called martial books has arisen out of a rekindling of the national
 spirit. Two or three events occurred in high politics which indicated
 the possibility, however remote, of a war that might involve England.
 Foreign politics all round have been in a threatening condition, and the
 newspapers and magazines have teemed with articles on our preparedness
 as a fighting force.

Now the feeling represented by this has filtered through to book-
 readers, and we see the outcome in the demand for works dealing with
 naval and military affairs. That is the main explanation; but it should
 be said also that our American cousins probably infected us somewhat
 with a contagion which they had very badly. Nothing is more
 remarkable than the manner in which literary tendencies in England
 and in America influence each other. They almost act and react like
 natural laws, only it seems difficult to discover any central guiding
 force. Very well, for two or three years on end favourite subjects of
 reading with Americans have been the story of their own wars and
 the career of Napoleon Bonaparte. If they didn't actually set the tune
 about Napoleon—the French did that themselves—they certainly played
 it for all it was worth. We joined in, not exactly in the same key,
 but certainly on the same martial note.

It would not, perhaps, be going too far to connect the success of
 Trafalgar Day with the vogue of military and naval writings. I mean
 that the reading of such literature gave expression to the spirit which
 dwelt in Trafalgar Square when the Nelson column was wreathed in
 laurel. There were plenty of books before about the Army and the Navy,
 many works telling of the doings of this general or that admiral, whole
 libraries on the historic transactions of warfare. But they were not
 read—that is to say, they were not read of the people, because the people
 were not then interested. A well-known publisher offered to produce
 for me half a squadron of men who for long had been writing on
 military affairs without being able to find an audience.

Yes, the revolt against the neurotic fiction in which we were steeped
 for a period—that has something to do with our eagerness to read
 Mahan on Nelson, or Sloane on Napoleon. The advanced style of novel
 was all too successful; a swing in an opposite direction became inevitable.

II.—NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS.

The reaction from the neurotic novel is further to be counted one of
 the forces that have given popularity to writings on natural history.
 Here is a subject standing for the fresh air, the breezy moorland, the
 scent of the sea, the music of birds. Emancipated fiction stood for all
 that was the reverse, and when the average reader got thoroughly
 satiated with it, he cried, "Oh for the breezes of Cornwall or Lochnagar,
 to brace me up!"

That was his aspiration, only there is often a long road between
 wishing to be in the country and being there. Those for whom the
 country had to remain—either temporarily or permanently—merely an
 aspiration, did the next best thing. That is, they took to reading about
 the country, to skimming what Richard Jefferies wrote, what authors
 like "A Son of the Marshes" are now writing.

You will kindly understand that, in making the neurotic novel
 responsible for a lot of things, I am simply echoing a view which I
 know is held by more than one competent observer. If the eventual
 effect of it was to drive people to the fresh air, then many of the people
 went armed with cameras, or with bicycles as travelling-companions.
 Here we have two large secrets of the appetite for natural history.

Explain? It is simple enough. The rage for amateur photography
 has given many a man and woman an acquaintance with the country,
 and a love for it, which they never had before. That acquaintance
 would necessarily include the animal life of the country—the lark
 singing above a green field, the squirrel jumping about in the branches
 of a tree. There would be a curiosity to get some accurate information
 about the lark or the squirrel. The knowledge might be supplied almost
 by accident did you happen to pick up at a railway bookstall a part of
 one of the popular natural histories which have been appearing. You
 see how one influence fits in with another, and in the case of the bicycle
 the reasoning is practically on the same lines.

Think of the number of Londoners who go off to the country on their
 bicycles in the course of a single summer day. Watch, and you will
 notice that many of the bicycles return with bunches of wild-flowers tied
 to the handle-bar. All those flowers would, in other years, have
 withered where they grew—would have bloomed and withered if there
 had been no madness for the bicycle.

J. M.

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who has made such a "hit" as Lady Miranda Little in "His Little Dodge," at the Royalty Theatre, is a native of the South of Ireland. It is probably to that fact that she owes much of the versatility of her powers, for while her comedy is of the lightest and most delightful, she is quite devoted to tragedy, and hails the return of the romantic drama with joy. Indeed, she almost regrets her secession from the part of Antoinette de Mauban in "The Prisoner of Zenda," even though the adaptation of Feydeau's funny play has furnished her with her best rôle. Miss Jeffreys was educated at home and abroad, and on leaving school took up the study of music seriously, for

went to the Prince of Wales's, to burlesque Miss Julia Neilson in "The Prancing Girl," and while playing in that piece she was seen by Mr. Wyndham, who gave her a two years' engagement. At the Criterion she played a great number of parts—in "The Fringe of Society," the revivals of "Betsy" and "Pink Dominoes," and made a great "hit" in "The Bauble Shop." While Mr. Wyndham went on tour, Miss Jeffreys remained at the Criterion and took part in the revivals of "Madame Angot" and "Madame Favart," playing Hersalee and Susanne. Then she went to the Adelphi, playing Henrietta in "The Two Orphans," and subsequently took the leading part in "The Foundling" at Terry's. A little later on her services were secured by Mr. John Hare for the production of "Mrs. Ebbsmith" at the Garrick. During the last two weeks of her London engagement to Mr. Hare,



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

she was a clever violinist and the possessor of a very charming mezzo-soprano voice. For some time she studied at the London Academy of Music, her teacher for the violin being Professor Politza; but it was Carl Rosa who first suggested to her the possibility of becoming an actress, and a little later on he gave very practical evidence of the genuineness of his praise by offering her a part in "Paul Jones," then about to be produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. However, she could not then accept, and, as she was studying singing under Mr. Edwin Holland, he was naturally anxious that she should devote more time to study, and then "come out" in more ambitious rôles.

However, "circumstances over which she had no control" compelled her to begin to earn her own living, and, though obliged to decline Carl Rosa's offer, she gladly accepted one from the Lyric Theatre, a little later on, to play in "The Sentry." Then came a short holiday, from which she was most summarily recalled, and, at three days' notice, she appeared in the title-rôle of "La Cigale," scoring a success. Then she

Miss Jeffreys was lent to Mr. George Alexander, that she might assist in the production of "The Misogynist," in which she recently figured before Prince and Princess Christian and other members of the royal family. Unfortunately, Miss Jeffreys' American tour was not an unqualified success, for she was very ill almost the whole time; indeed, her life was despaired of, though she pluckily made up her mind that if she had to die she would breathe her last at home, and for that end was carried on board a Cunarder, which brought her safely to England, where determination, a good constitution, and her native air soon restored her, and she was able to join Mr. Alexander's company for his provincial tour to play Antoinette de Mauban, a success she repeated at the St. James's Theatre until compelled to resign it in favour of her present part. By the way, she would have created the part had not her engagement to Mr. Hare prevented her from accepting Mr. Alexander's offer until her return from the States. Some two years ago Miss Jeffreys became the wife of the Hon. Frederick Curzon, the second son of Lord Howe.

"HIS LITTLE DODGE," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Lady Miranda Little (Miss Ellis Jeffreys) was fond, but just a trifle suspicious, of her second husband, Sir Hercules Little (Mr. Fred Terry).



She had once rejected the Hon. Mandeville Hobb (Mr. Weedon Grossmith), and when he heard of her widowhood he came back from Venezuela.



She was so suspicious of Sir Hercules that she got her maid (Miss Repton) to show her all his letters.



Sir Hercules used to mesmerise her when he wanted a night out.



Mr. Pollaby Petlow (Mr. Maltby) was the husband of the lady whom Sir Hercules adored, and Lady Miranda wanted to hear all about it.



He went too far on one occasion, and tried to prevaricate himself out of his difficulty.



Hobb had awakened Miranda from her mesmeric sleep in Little's absence, and was in terror of being discovered.



Sir Hercules thought it was his groom (Mr. Dyall) who had awakened her, and was exceeding wroth.

SMALL TALK.

Monaco has lost an interesting personality, and the Prince of the tiny kingdom between the Alpes Maritimes and the Mediterranean must mourn the loss of a faithful servant. Colonel Mercier de Sainte-Croix, Commander-in-Chief of the huge army of Monaco, has paid the debt of Nature, and gone, let us hope, to a better if not a more beautiful world. In these days, when the strength of Continental forces increases year by year, the newspapers pass over the military force of Monaco with a strange indifference; yet, all told, it numbers nearly one hundred and twenty men. Seventy of these gallant fighters constitute the guard of the Prince; the rest are probably kept in case of a great European war. Moreover, Monaco threatens the Mediterranean with several very antique pieces of cannon, which no modern gunner would care to touch. Yet they look well, as do the few blue-cloaked soldiers one meets on duty. I have often thought that, if military service were an absolute necessity, I would, for choice, enlist under the banner of the tiny Principality. So far as my experience enables me to judge, there is but a small percentage of the combined strength required for active duty, and active duty, translated into the usage of Monaco, consists of lounging over the rocky walls and staring at Monte Carlo across the bay. If the Prince will permit, I will gladly do my best to take the place of Colonel Mercier de Sainte-Croix. His is the sort of service that would suit me down to the ground.

Most of us have heard of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's pet tigers. Now from South America comes the story of a little English girl, Miss Ethel Curzon, and her puma lion, Damon, who is as devoted to his ten-year-old mistress as any dog might be. Indeed, the first time she ever saw him, the puma saved her life by fighting to the death a huge jaguar about to attack her. This was five years ago, and since that time Miss Curzon and her puma have been inseparable, and even when travelling from South America, where Damon's mistress's father, Captain Henry Curzon, late R.N., represents an English syndicate, to Philadelphia, she was accompanied by her strange pet, who will soon, it seems, make acquaintance with the English climate, for Miss Ethel is coming home, and she entirely refuses to be separated from her savage pet.

Even the solid-money men do not always seem to know how to stick to their own. Once upon a time the American millionaire, James M. Waterbury, was big enough to be one of the leaders of "The Four Hundred." That was just in the 'eighties. To-day he is now a poor clerk in a rope-walk. It is strange that those who fall on evil days do not more often try to utilise some special talent for which they were formerly noted. Mr. Waterbury, during the time that his sayings and doings interested "The Four Hundred" was considered a notable horseman. Indeed, he organised a circus performance in which every performer was a well-known figure in New York society. The splendid fête which he gave in the May of '89 is still remembered, and many a "smart" American matron recalls, 'twixt a smile and a sigh, her feats as a débutante in the famous *manège* at West Chester. Yet now Mr. Waterbury has elected to start life afresh where his own father made all his money, namely, in a rope-walk, and so it is that the former King of the Cordage Trust and the hero of one of the most curious financial cases in the record of the New York City Courts has begun life afresh in a small office in Brooklyn.

Many happy returns of the day!—

To-Day, Nov. 18.

Viscount Galway, M.F.H., b. 1844.
Gen. Sir A. Kemball, G.C.B., b. 1818.
Mr. William Schwenck Gilbert, b. 1836.

To-Morrow, Nov. 19.

Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., b. 1838.
Mr. W. S. Penley, b. 1856.
The Bishop of Manchester, b. 1826.

Friday, Nov. 20.

Gen. Sir C. Dickson, G.C.B., b. 1817.
Hon. Alexander G. Yorke, b. 1847.
The Queen of Italy.

Tuesday, Nov. 24.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Sir Dyce Duckworth, M.D., b. 1840.
Gen. Sir Frank Walker, V.C., K.C.B., b. 1827.

English bards do not often have the chance of writing verse under stress of war, but that opportunity recently fell to Charles Austin Collins, and the result is a little volume called "Soliloquies," "some of which were written at Salisbury during the Mashonaland Rebellion of 1896," and which is published at Salisbury. I fear, however, that Mr. Collins's rhyming dictionary was lost in some of the skirmishes. Of Wilson's party he says—

They went forth to fight, to battle and win,
They died: of their death and deeds I will sing.
Thirty and odd were their number all told,
With horses as good as e'er horse were foaled.

I fancy even the serio-comic at Collins's Music-Hall would scarce have reached this climax.

The real-life Captain Cuttle is the Press-Cutting Agency man. Mr. William Durrant is an enterprising specimen, as this story which I

copy from the *News Age* will show you. Some time ago my friend Mr. Fisher Unwin announced the publication of a certain book, named "Rasselas," by a certain "Dr. Johnson," and accordingly a circular was addressed to "Dr. Johnson, care of Mr. Fisher Unwin," &c., offering to supply him with all the reviews of his books. But, unfortunately, neither at The Cheshire Cheese, nor in Gough Court, nor in Paternoster Square was Dr. Samuel Johnson to be found. Mr. Durrant was a day or two behind the fair; but he tells the story with great glee, and, doubtless, reconciles himself with the thought that he does for many a man to-day what Boswell did for the great Doctor. Dr. Birkbeck Hill should "make a note" of this.

The Postmaster-General advises me that "arrangements have been made for an exchange of money-orders with the Fiji Islands." Not before time, say I, and I'll tell you why—

I learn from Boccaccio Becke,
John Bull, when abroad, is a wreck;
His sweethearts galore line many a shore,
And wait for their Jack on the quay,
D'ye see?
Especially down by Fiji.
Don Juan goes forth on his ship,
And varies the wearisome trip
By having an aim in the shape of a flame,
Right ready to greet him with glee,
D'ye see?
Especially down by Fiji.

He knows—it is ever his boast—
The maids on the African coast;
He dotes on Japan and its damozels' fan,
He drinks of the Heathen Chinese's
Good tea;
And raves of the Isle of Fiji.

The maid, if she's pretty and young,
May wag a barbarian tongue,
But Jack understands the Babel of lands
That is Hebrew to you and to me,
D'ye see—
It's Simian down in Fiji.

And yet, when the troubadour Jack
Starts home on his sorrowful track,
He tosses and frets for his coppers and jets,
And dreams of the beautiful sea,
Ah me!
That washes the isle of Fiji.

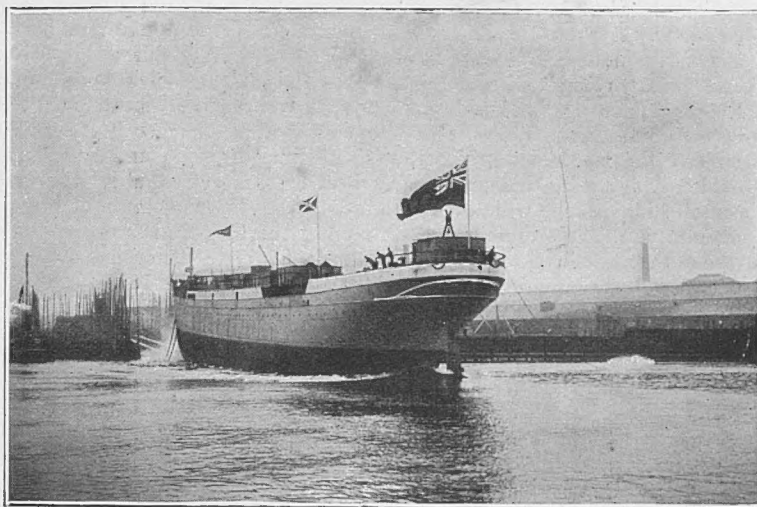
Yet why should he worry like this?
He always could blow her a kiss,
And now can accord her a post-office order
To buy her a pretty gee-gee,
D'ye see?
A box and a Christmas tree.

Two or three afternoons past found me in meditative mood and a tiny Soho street. I was trying to find a short cut from Beak Street to the Palace Theatre, and was finding out that my bump of locality requires development. Suddenly, in my despair, I turned into a side street and found a Punch-and-Judy Show. An ever-thickening crowd was rapidly gathering to see what I regard as a degrading exhibition of the superiority of brute force, and many a ruffian who doubtless finds a danger in knocking policemen down as he would wish to do, was looking at the downfall of the show policeman with obvious delight. I blush to confess that I stood still, just for a minute, to see the progress of the tragedy, hoping against hope that the villainies of Mr. Punch would be checked. The man with the drum and panpipes was well pleased with the gathering, but I could not help looking round furtively to make sure nobody saw me. It was in one of these wary glances that I caught the eye of a man I know, a legal luminary of considerable standing. He blushed. I think I did the same. We both prepared to slink off without recognising each other, and then an impulse seized me, and I seized him. "Look here," I suggested, "let us see it out; what does it matter?" "Right you are," he replied, and, without caring who saw us, we enjoyed the rest of the drama immensely, and made the heart of the proprietor rejoice. Many men get the Victoria Cross for valour.

That cheery veteran Sims Reeves is in town again for a week or so, after a very successful tour through South Africa. He has made new friends and good money; in a few days he will be off again, this time to the United States. His vitality and courage are indeed marvellous. Many a man would lose heart if rebuffs came to him in the autumn of life after years of triumph almost without parallel. Sims Reeves is made of sterner stuff. "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" cannot diminish his pluck or quench his spirits. Even now he can draw a crowded house and find hundreds, nay, thousands, to listen with attention and interest to the old, old songs. I recollect that when he told me of his intention to go abroad, I was a bit startled, but the calm, unostentatious courage of the famous singer made me feel ashamed of my own fears. While he was away I had a letter from an old friend in South Africa, one of the few men whom prosperity has not spoiled, and he wrote in glowing terms of Sims Reeves, and told me how proud they all felt to have him among them. And I do not doubt but that the States will have for him and for his talented young wife, Miss Maudé René, a hearty and affectionate greeting, a welcome worthy of the reputation of a man who has ever worked nobly and well in a profession he adorns.

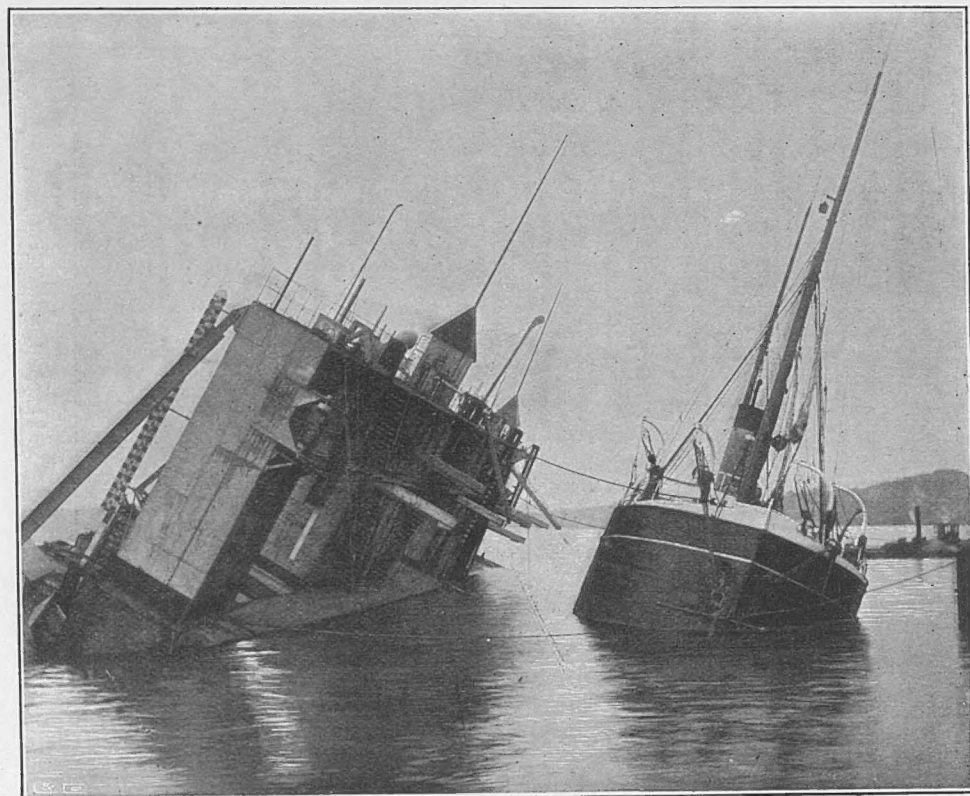
The Currie fleet grows rapidly. Here is the latest addition, which was launched on the Clyde the other day.

The remarkable photographs which I reproduce here ought to convince you that even in port a vessel has its risks to run. The steamer *Moggie*, of Hartlepool, has been peculiarly unlucky in her most recent voyage. She was proceeding, in charge of a Finnish Government pilot, from Kemi, the most northern port in Finland, to Haparanda, which is the most northern port in Sweden, when, on Oct. 14, she struck on a sunken rock, the fore-tank filling immediately. The cause of the accident was, no doubt, owing to the beacon which guarded the rock having been swept away by one of the numerous timber-rafts which are constantly being towed from place to place. After jettisoning a portion of the cargo, and with the help of steamers, the *Moggie* was floated into a safe position. A diver from the salvage steamer *Hellios*—which, you may remember, floated H.M.S. *Howe*—temporarily repaired the unfortunate *Moggie*, which proceeded to Stockholm for repairs under the escort of the *Hellios*. During the voyage to Stockholm the weather became stormy and foggy, and several times the vessels lost sight of each other. However, after three and a-half days, Stockholm was reached, and on Oct. 27 the *Moggie* was placed on a pontoon, after the deck-load had been discharged to lighten her weight. You would have thought she was safe now. Not so. Just as she was clearing the water, the pontoon



THE NEW CURRIE LINER, "AVONDALE CASTLE."

Photo by Maclure, Macdonald, and Co.



THE COLLAPSE OF THE PONTOON.

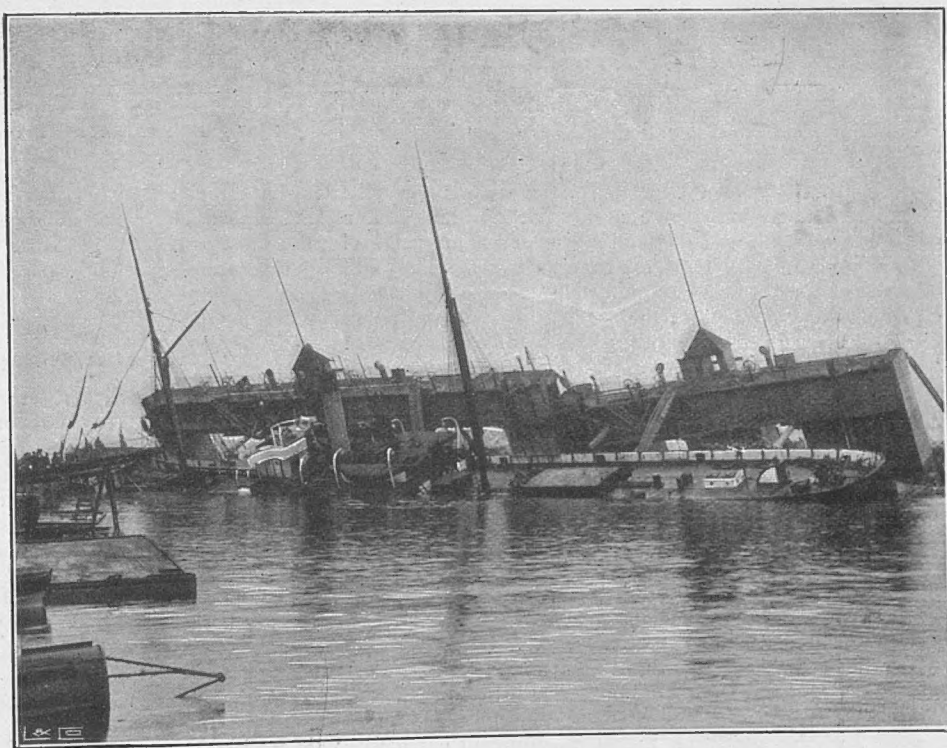
suddenly fell over, throwing the ship upon the outer section of the pontoon and seriously injuring her bottom, so that she at once began to fill. Many people on board the vessel and the pontoon had a narrow escape with their lives. The pontoon, which cost over twenty thousand pounds and is only eight months old, is utterly destroyed and lies sunk in fifteen fathoms of water. The accident, I believe, is unparalleled in shipping history. Its cause is quite unknown.

A few days since I received a long letter from a friend in distant Samoa—a letter that, among other things, gossips in an interesting way with regard to Stevenson, admirers of whose genius will recall that it is almost two years since death interrupted a literary career that was certainly famous, and might some day have been great. Talking of the lofty peak where lie, all solitary, the mortal remains of the dead romancer, my friend writes—

It is a most inaccessible spot, right on the top of a spur of the Apia Mountain, a steep hill rising abruptly behind the town. I toiled up there last Easter Monday Bank Holiday, for we have Bank Holidays even in these benighted regions, though we have no Bank. I found the grave looking painfully neglected—no monument, not even a wooden cross or headstone, and under the thick overhanging trees no grass grows. Two old salt-jars were standing all forlornly on the long mound of brown earth. They had held flowers, but now naught remained in their depths but a green, dank slime and a few withered stalks.

This is not an inspiring picture of a place which, I confess, I have imagined as very different—lofty

and wind-swept, but not depressing and neglected. My friend goes on to say that, at the date of his visit to the grave, the Stevenson family were all away from Samoa, and it is possible that, at the time of his writing, rather more than a month ago, the grave looked more cared for; but he seems to doubt it. "It was an idiotic thing," he says, "to place the tomb in such a spot, for it is a stiff climb up to it, and one which, in this climate, very few persons are likely to attempt." Had the grave been in a more accessible situation, it would have been the goal, my friend appears to think, to which nearly every visitor would have made a pilgrimage. He says *visitor* advisedly, for that "no man is a prophet in his own country" appears to be a proverb applicable to this case. "Samoa is *not* the place to come to if you want to hear Stevenson worshipped"—indeed, I gather that the great "Tusitala" was never the popular hero among the natives which it has pleased some amiable folk to represent him, though, that he devoted himself to them and to their interests—not, perhaps, always too wisely, witness the case of the rebel chief Mataafa—there can be no doubt. No one could be more agreeable than Stevenson when he liked, and, looking very smart (for he cut off those long, artistic ringlets some time before his death), he would attend the dances in the Public Hall and foot it away with the best of them. Certain remarks make me anticipate with interest the literary efforts (if any) of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne when unassisted by his brilliant stepfather. I had hoped to give my readers a photograph or drawing of the grave, but am unable to do so at present.



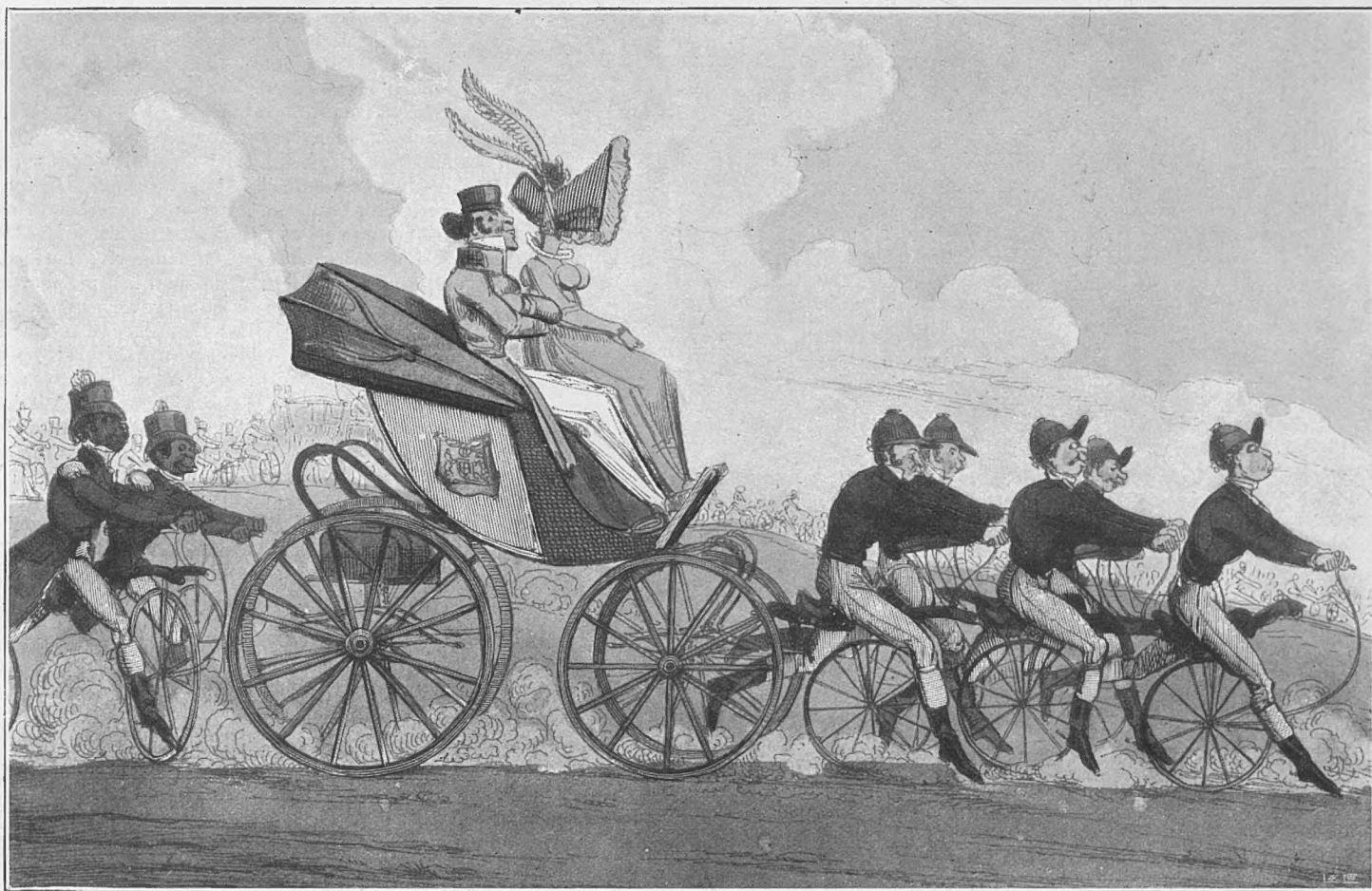
THE PONTOON SINKING THE STEAMER "MOGGIE."

The legalising of the motor-car reminds me of the old print of 1819, entitled "Going to the Races." The humour of the illustration hardly needs explanation. Here we have pomp, conceit, priggishness, absurdity, and "comic relief" all rolled into one. Indeed, the facial expression of the gentleman seated beside his fair spouse (?) in the barouche (?) tells its own tale. It is the sort of tale over which Thackeray gloated, at which Dickens fumed. Yet the false feeling of pride and superiority evidently agitating this gentleman's breast strongly resembles the sham sense of importance which helps to inflate the stagnant brain of many a modern pup. This vehicle, it is claimed by the French, is a development of one that was invented by the Baron de Drais de Sauerbon, a French engineer. He brought his machine before the public in 1818. He gave it the name of Draisienne. It was made entirely of wood, but otherwise resembled the machine represented. Fearful of exhibiting himself in public on such a strange invention, he ordered his servant to appear on it in the Tivoli Garden. He made such a peculiar exhibition of himself—running into obstacles and sliding along the ground on his face—that he became the laughing-stock of the crowd, and was mobbed by the small boys. That was the end of the Draisienne in France, but it was quickly adopted and improved in England.

Pheasant-farming is beyond question a pleasant and profitable occupation, but I rather fancy it is seriously affecting sport. I do not

pounds?" said the friend with a polite sneer. "Isn't that piling it up rather high? That very chandelier was offered to me for two thousand three hundred." That afternoon the bride drove to the shop from which the chandelier came, and began an indignant speech about the wickedness of charging her four thousand pounds for a chandelier offered to someone else for a little more than half. The dealer interrupted her: "Madame, you are mistaken; that chandelier was chosen by your husband, was it not?" "Yes," she replied; "I never saw it till it was put up." "And you gave him a hundred thousand francs to pay for it with?" "Certainly." "We offered it to him for fifty-five thousand francs, but he beat us down to fifty, and that's all we got. You had better ask him to show you the receipt. I think you will find he has *lost* it."

A little while later the bride received a bill for forty-four thousand francs for a pearl necklace. The husband had given it to her as a birthday present, and she was pleased by the kindly thought, although she knew well she would have to pay, as the pocket-money she allowed him would hardly cover such presents to his wife. She was rather startled by the price, since, though the pearls were fine, two rows did not seem to represent anything like so large a sum; so she went to the jeweller's to remonstrate with him for cheating her husband. "But, Madame," said the jeweller, "really, the price is very fair; five rows of such pearls, and very fair pearls, are not dear at



GOING TO THE RACES, 1819.

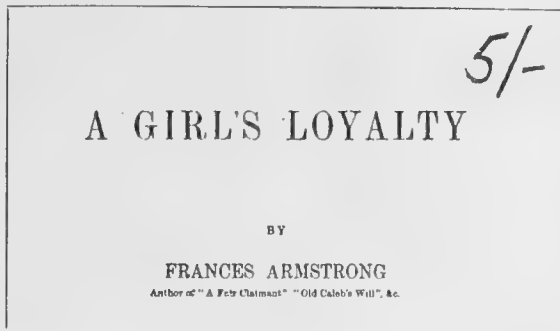
speak from my own experience, for that is very limited, but I have compared notes with some of my friends who shoot regularly through the waning year, and they agree that in many parts of the country the birds are altogether too tame for good sport. They are raised under hens in the spring, brought up almost by hand, and turned into the preserves just a few weeks before October begins. Having regarded men as their friends, they cannot recognise them readily as foes, so that in some places they just precede the beaters in coming from cover, and run about in front of would-be sportsmen, more inclined to expect berries than small shot. This state makes pheasant-shooting rather farcical. I am very glad that neither partridge nor grouse can be spoiled for sport by artificial conditions of rearing. To judge a rocketeer truly and well is better than holding fours against a man's full hand at poker, but to aim at a bird which has no more wish to fly than a barnyard hen is very poor fun.

No doubt it is a delightful thing, if your father has made some millions, to dignify your obscure family by wedding a foreigner with a swell title. It is wise, however, to make inquiries into his character before actually going to church with him. From Paris there come two comic tales about such a union. The bride was showing a friend of hers the other day over her gorgeously furnished *hôtel*, and in the drawing-room drew her attention to the magnificent chandelier. Piqued by her lack of enthusiasm, the bride remarked, "Well, you don't seem to say much about my four-thousand-pound chandelier?" "Four thousand

forty-four thousand francs." "But there are only two!" "Pardon me, Madame, five when we sold the necklace. I can show you our book, with the description and number of pearls." He showed her the book, and she is no longer delighted by her husband's kind attentions. After all, one hardly expects a husband to *faire danser l'anse du panier* to "make a bit" for himself when acting as steward to his wife.

I am forced to the conclusion that the average country child is the very incarnation of cruelty. Last week I was in the country for a short spell of sport, and had a good opportunity of watching the habits of the children who followed and sometimes helped the beaters. Their anxiety to give a *coup de grâce* to wounded pheasants or rabbits was bad enough, but they even went out of their way to kill field-mice and one or two small things of no use to anybody. We were lunching at a farm, and two or three little ones came up to me with a young jay just caught. They had clipped his wings with a pair of scissors, and wanted to tie him to a barn-door thirty yards away with a piece of string, and suggested that I should shoot at the captive from where I sat. I remarked that such sport did not appeal to me, whereupon the youthful owners were preparing to divide the unfortunate bird. "I'll give you sixpence for it," I said, and they accepted the offer. So I carried the jay back to the house, and finally back to London, where he now dwells in splendid captivity in a large wicker cage. It is a pity that district schoolmasters cannot instil something like humanity into their pupils. Most cruel boys grow up to be cad, and carelessness is at the root of children's cruelty.

The defacement of reviewers' copies of new books by the publishers has been dealt with recently in the *Illustrated London News*. Herewith I give you some specimens of what is done in this way. Some publishers (notably the Macmillans) have an embossing stamp. Blackie writes the price of the volume in lead-pencil on the title-page, as you will see in the



A SPECIMEN OF A BLACKIE BOOK.

facsimile given herewith. I contend, of course, that that is a distinct defacement, for in the case of highly glazed papers it is almost impossible to rub out pencil-marks. But the worst butchery of review copies I have ever seen is the case of a volume published by Mr. Redway, who, not content with stamping the bastard title-page, has operated, as you see

WITH THE PUBLISHERS
COMPLIMENTS.

Mumping on St. Thomas' Day

the Christmas holidays still prevails in Cumberland. A few years ago the Dalston School Board received a letter from the master, requesting that the school might close on the

MR. REDWAY, THE CHAMPION DEFACER.

here, on a page of the book. The work in question is called "Old English Customs Extant at the Present Time." Mr. Redway apparently thought the opportunity one for editing and illustrating his author by a little exhibition of this barbaric process. Evidently with the intention of perpetuating tradition, he has eclipsed himself in his handsome quarto reprint of Somerville's poem, "The Chase," charmingly illustrated by Hugh Thomson. On the title-page there is a huge perforated oval (an inch and a half wide), bearing the words "Sent for review."

The *Magnet Magazine*, which Mr. James Henderson has issued, is an interesting experiment in journalism—nothing more or less than a sixpenny magazine of the *Strand* type offered weekly at a penny.

I fancy that very few women realise that the lady's hat, as we know it, is a comparatively modern development. And yet it is only fair to add that the *matinée-hat*, monstrous as it seems, is a very modest affair compared to the headgear which obtained when Marie Antoinette set the fashion to all Europe, and when Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds were painting the belles of Britain. Then, somewhat later, the spreading Leghorns and curious Dutch felts, which looked like nothing so much as a modern chimney-pot hat seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass, came into vogue, and I fancy that Thackeray, in an early chapter of "Vanity Fair," celebrates the charms of a certain poke-bonnet in which the face of his heroine recalled a rose at the bottom of a coal-scuttle!



1896.



1796.



1896.

THE REPETITION OF FASHION.

Nowadays there is at least some method in modistic madness, and the most befeathered picture-hat which ever left Virot's studio—for the great Paris milliners thus style their work-rooms—would seem but a miniature to the vast chapeau which formed a background for the lovely face and powdered hair of the immortal Duchess of Devonshire.

Most of us have heard of, though probably few of us have ever seen, save at a fancy ball, artificial noses; but I fancy most people will share my surprise at the idea of artificial ears. Still, these are now to be obtained, made of specially prepared india-rubber, flesh-coloured in the rough, then tinted to the order of anyone unfortunate enough to have lost one of these very useful appendages. It is hardly necessary for me to add that the enterprising firm which makes a speciality of these things is of American extraction. Seriously, there is no reason why an artificial ear should not be, to some people, as absolutely necessary as a glass eye, and it is not surprising that a very good price is asked and obtained for this kind of article. No sculptor takes more trouble over his work than does the artist in ears. Firstly, he takes a model of what is to be the fellow to his piece of work; but even when more or less finished, the india-rubber model is not in any sense ready for fixing to the head of the client. On the contrary, a second artist carefully colours the little piece of india-rubber, so that it shall exactly match the remaining ear of the unfortunate customer who has given the order. It is curious to note that the more artificial ears a man invests in, the cheaper they become, for, once the model is made, the firm will give him duplicate ears for about a quarter of the price of the first, the difference being between ten pounds and two. I am afraid that the motor-car may in time produce a very brisk demand for such articles; up to now the careless Yankee mostly owes his misfortune to railway accidents or to too close intimacy with machinery.

There has been a big run on Mr. Kipling's new book of verse, "The Seven Seas," which is remarkable in view of its surprising unconventionality. One bookseller I know sold a hundred and fifty copies in one day alone. "Poet and novelist too" would make a good parody on the splendid song of the marine who is "soldier and sailor too." I saw in an American paper the other day an extraordinary picture of "Kipling writing poetry in pyjamas." It reminded me of the illustration of Robinson Crusoe writing home in his lonely island hut. Beneath the picture ran the legend, "In summer this genius composes in cool Indian night-clothes, which he splashes with ink when he is troubled for a rhyme."

I have already told you how New Yorkers have gone mad over Anna Held, who was at the Palace lately. The latest development of the craze is a minute description of her toilet, under the title "The endless daily training of a professional beauty," and the sympathetic reader is not only told all that goes on, but he is also favoured with thumb-nail sketches of each of the operations described. Miss Anna Held should certainly take as her motto, "Il faut souffrir pour être belle," for her beauty certainly costs her a considerable amount of trouble, to say nothing of the expenses, for beautifying appliances, meal-and-milk baths, shampoos, scents, powders, and so on, and so on, come to the not inconsiderable sum of £220 a-year, and from the moment she wakes at nine o'clock to the time she "retires" she is entirely absorbed in the thought of and care for her personal appearance. Cold cream plays a great part in Miss Anna Held's beauty hygiene; thus, no water is ever used to her face, and, as she has a great belief in massage, creams of various kinds are, of course, in constant requisition—indeed, a French preparation of cold cream is even rubbed into her head very frequently. It is hardly necessary to say that her personal appearance takes up every moment of her time, and it has been computed that she spends nine weeks in the year with her dressmaker. She has only eight hours' sleep, and devotes two hours and a half each day to outdoor exercise and business; but this does not include the one hour during which she delights the New York audiences with a glimpse of her perfections.



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING ATKINS.

That brilliant novelist "George Fleming" (Miss Fletcher) is meeting with but indifferent success as a writer for the stage. Her interesting, but in various ways unsatisfactory, play, "Mrs. Lessingham," did not hold the boards very long at the Garrick Theatre, and a by no means cordial reception has been given at Chicago to a new comedy of hers, "A Man and His Wife."

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has always been celebrated for her exquisite taste in dress; she is an artist in the truest sense of the word, and has a marvellous eye for colour and decorative effect. Now, her niece, Saryta Bernhardt, has suddenly thrown up the stage for the work-room, and, after having made a very promising début as an actress, has turned milliner. There is no doubt that, comparatively speaking, more money is made in Paris by milliners than by dressmakers or tailors. There are at least twenty to thirty modistes who would not dream of selling the simplest hat or bonnet under five pounds, and often their "creations" find a ready sale at two, three, and even four hundred francs apiece. Mlle. Saryta, who has inherited her famous aunt's exquisite taste and inventive faculty, will probably soon secure a very large theatrical clientèle.

As I wheeled along in a cab the other evening, I found a card the superscription of which is reproduced here. It strikes me, however, that what "the horse" has to fear is not the privileged cab, but the motor-car, which will save it altogether, and let it go back to grass.



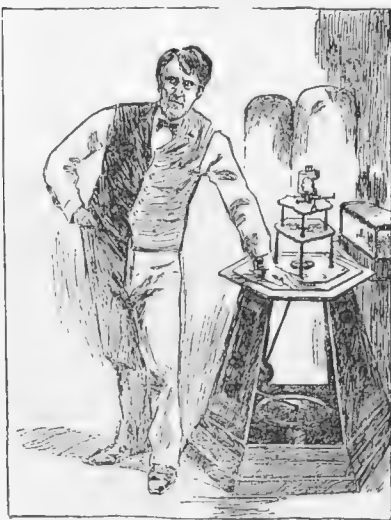
Dear Public,
ABOLISH the PRIVI-
LEGE CAB and you will
save me between two
and three thousand miles travel
a year.

Yours pleadingly,
THE HORSE.

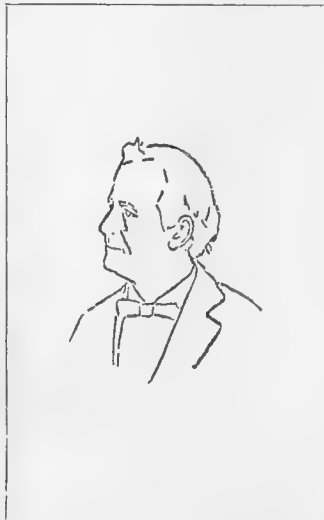
In view of the continued (and possibly exaggerated) Armenian horrors, and of the vigorous utterances of such fiery souls as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. William Watson, some ingenious burrower in the utterances of the past has unearthed a speech of the late Lord Beaconsfield's, made, I think, more than twenty years ago, in which he dwells on the humane and kindly character of the Sultan; and loud indeed has been the jubilation over this failure of perspicacity in the shrewd Disraeli, pointed by the countenance which "Abdul the Damned" has been pleased to show to murder and rapine grim and great. But suppose the Sultan of whom Disraeli spoke and prophesied was not Abdul, but another? Then I fear that the delightful feeling engendered by proving a great leader of an opposite political party absolutely at fault will be denied to the loud-tongued supporters of the fiery ones I have referred to. It is said that almost at the very time when Lord Beaconsfield made the recently oft-quoted speech, the reigning Sultan, Murad V., was spirited away, and that the humane and gentle character spoken of by the great Tory statesman belonged to him, and not to his successor Abdul. Some authorities speak of the vanished Murad as an imbecile, but there are others who declare not only that he was a man of rare culture and intelligence, but maintain that he yet lives in the extremest privacy in some secluded but luxurious retreat on the Golden Horn. With regard to the Beaconsfield speech, that astute politician was not wont to be mistaken in his estimate of men, whatever his shortcomings may have been.

When I described to you last week Dr. Ries' telephote, you may have been astonished that Edison should have been left behind in the art of telegraphing pictures. As a matter of fact, however, he has been on the scent for two years, and at last has invented a machine, the first practical use of which has been made by the *New York Journal*, a remarkably enterprising newspaper. Working in conjunction with Mr. Patrick Kenny, Mr. Edison has turned out a machine which is a distinct advance on his rival's. The *Journal* says—

The entire process is automatic. A piece of soft paper is placed before the artist. On this he makes his outline sketch, taking care to see that his pencil is a hard one, and that the lines he draws are slightly indented in the paper. There are no squares, no letters, no numbers. No artist is required at the receiving instrument; not even an operator is necessary at the sending instrument. The artist can take his own sketch and, wrapping it around a little cylinder, which in



MR. EDISON AND THE MACHINE THAT TELEGRAPHED
MR. BRYAN'S PORTRAIT.



the picture here reproduced will be seen at the top of the machine, may press a button with a feeling of absolute certainty that the very instant this cylinder begins to revolve his sketch is being reproduced with absolutely faithful detail on a similar piece of paper at the other end of the line.

While the cylinder on which the original sketch is drawn slowly revolves, a tiny finger made of metal and infinitely delicate touches the paper on it.

Whenever one of the indented lines of the sketch reaches this finger, the latter sinks into it for the instant, and in that instant makes an electrical connection which travels with lightning speed to the other end of the wire, where a similar finger is also touching a turning cylinder of paper. This receiving paper has been previously treated with a certain sensitive solution. When the electric spark started by the impress of the sending finger in the line of the artist's sketch reaches the point of the receiving finger, the electricity instantly changes the colour of the paper at that particular point. A dot of exactly the same width as the indented line on the original sketch appears on the receiving paper under this magic influence. After the first indented line has passed, the smooth paper slowly whirls until the next line reaches the delicate point of the finger. When that occurs, down goes the finger again, flash goes the spark again, quickly appears another dot on the sensitive paper a thousand miles away. After the needle has travelled once around the original sketch there will be evident on the receiving paper at the line's other end a series of tiny dots occupying positions exactly similar to the points which the sending finger has touched in the indented lines of the original sketch.

I reproduce the picture of "Baby" Bryan which the machine made for the *Journal*. You see this is not a toy.

I note that the municipal whirligig in the provinces has made Mr. W. T. Owbridge Sheriff of Hull for the ensuing year. The hearty manner in which the honour was conferred upon him is a splendid testimony to the high esteem in which the inventor of the famous lung tonic is held by his neighbours and fellow-townsmen.

Lord Brassey's beautiful Indian Museum was just the place to hold the bazaar which Princess Christian opened for the society which aims at the preservation and encouragement of Indian art. A poem, "The Arts of India," composed by Mr. Edmund Russell, was read by him, and a copy, illuminated by Mr. A. A. d'Aquilecourt, was presented to the Princess. Mr. Russell is keen on the Orient. He gives readings from "The Light of Asia," appearing for the nonce in camel's-hair garments of dull orange and tawny yellow, embroidered with Cashmere designs, and decked with diamonds, turquoises, and jewels of wrought gold. Thus equipped, he looks the living embodiment of Prince Siddhartha, with the crown of beaten gold Madras work, set with Persian amulets of turquoise, on his head. Mr. Russell is about to start on a tour throughout India and the East, having been invited to visit and give his readings and recitations at the Courts of many of the principal native Princes. He has written a little book which contains much valuable information and stories about jewels and their owners. Jewellery is a subject on which he is an authority, he himself possessing many rare antiques, and a collection of Persian turquoises engraved with Persian characters. In addition to his other accomplishments, Mr. Russell is a good fencer.



MR. EDMUND RUSSELL.

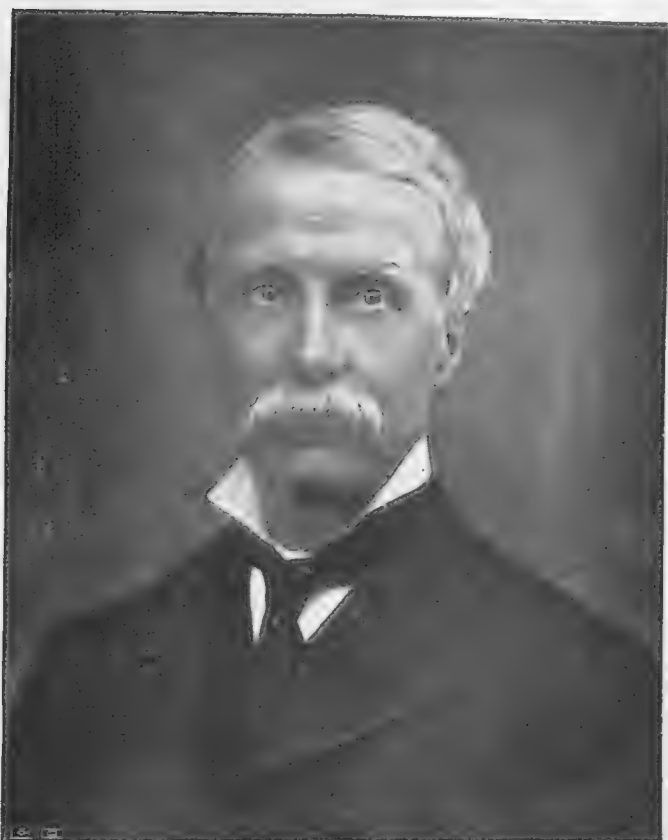
Presence of mind is a great gift; in a catastrophe presence of mind is as useful as absence of body, and far more possible. I had an adventure on Sunday last in which my tact, skill, and courage shone out so brightly that to deprive the public of the facts would be unjust and ungrateful. My destination was the country, and I was to take a train from a London station and travel for an hour through some seedy suburbs. I took that train *vi et armis*, for the horrid thing didn't want to be taken, and puffed off just as I passed the barrier. As it was the last departure before church, I would not be denied; the ticket-clipper said "Urryup," the train must have heard, and we both started, I running down the platform and the train down the line. I won, reached the nearest carriage, opened the door, swung myself in, and a great victory was accomplished. It was a close thing, so was the carriage, which was tenanted by half-a-dozen women, two girls, one pretty, and a big navy who had looked upon me when it was yellow and was in obviously unsteady state. He stared at me and said in thick tones, addressed to the company generally, that if anybody had fallen over " 'is 'oofs" there would have been trouble, "an' no bloomin' error." Thereupon one or two ladies wrapped themselves up in their shawls very fiercely, and audibly wondered why the company permitted people to risk their lives and make poor women nervous. I began to feel that I had not fallen among friends. But the pretty girl smiled upon me.

For her sake I did not change my carriage at the first opportunity. She was a charming factory-girl, with big blue eyes, and an engagement-ring on her work-worn hand. I was weaving a romance round her when I heard a sharp click, and a moment later a terribly evil odour permeated the carriage. The navy had taken a penny dreadful from his pocket and was smoking it. One poor woman near the window essayed to introduce fresh air; but he said in a very sulky tone that "he didn't want no blessed roomatiks," only he didn't say "blessed," preferring to specify a class of rheumatism unknown to medicine. My innamorata coughed; my mind was made up. "Sir," I said, pulling out my cigar-case, "you are evidently a judge of tobacco; will you favour me with an opinion about these? and, if the ladies will permit, I'll join you." "I'm obliged," he said thickly; "but I can't give you one of mine; he's the last," and he pointed to the black atrocity that lay smouldering upon the floor. I answered that I could smoke one of my own. So all was well that ended well, and only the young girl seemed to guss.

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THE DRAMATIC CRITICS OF LONDON.—I.-IV.



THE "DAILY NEWS" (MR. W. MOY THOMAS).
Photo by Larrauds, Oxford Street, W.



THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" (MR. JOHN NORTHCOTT).
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" (MR. CLEMENT SCOTT).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE "TIMES" (MR. J. F. NISBET).
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

SPORTING DOGS.

Photographs by Reid, Wishaw.

The handsomest as well as the oldest breed of dogs is the greyhound. Arrian descanted of him in Greek as long ago as the second century. He was well known in the reign of Canute, and by King John's Forest Laws



GREYHOUNDS.

no one below the estate of gentleman was permitted to keep greyhounds, and even when the taxing of dogs came into vogue the greyhound was more highly taxed till so lately as 1853. Probably, when he was employed to hunt deer, wolf, and boar, the greyhound of that day was of stronger build, but his general form was identical with that now bred. The greyhound hunts by sight, and not by scent. The essential qualities of this dog are swiftness, strength to last out a severe course, nimbleness in turning, capacity to catch and bear the hare in his stride, and courage. Coursing is inseparable from consideration of the greyhound. Now, in coursing, it may surprise some to hear that the death of the hare is not the primary object with the true sportsman, so much so that, in coursing with a brace of dogs, the one that kills the hare is not necessarily the winner of the course. But the winner is that dog of the brace slipped which has done most to accomplish the death of the hare by putting her in the greatest straits to escape; or, in other words, the winner is the dog of the two slipped which has exhibited the greater speed, working abilities, and endurance. When the hare is found, she is given eighty to a hundred yards start; then the dogs are slipped, when the relative speed of the two is seen in the run-up and in the after-stretches following a turn. The hare, being pressed, turns, jerks, and winds. It is in his nimbleness, suppleness, and agility in making quick turns that the superiority of each competitor is demonstrated. The handsomest dog on the show-bench is rarely the best dog in a field-trial; indeed, most of the cracks are seldom in show condition, while regular coursers care little for

exhibition honours at dog-shows. The coursing rules drawn up by the Duke of Norfolk in Elizabeth's reign differ little from those obtaining to-day; but these cannot be detailed in a short article, nor can the points of the greyhound, for the same reason, be here discussed at all fully.

Coupled groups of pointers and setters, as depicted in our illustration, are a not unusual sight at a railway station during the shooting season.

Both these breeds of dogs come under the category of those that find the game for man to kill. And although pointers differ greatly from setters in external appearance, and have also a different origin, yet their training and their use are practically the same. Pointers and setters have very keen noses, and can detect the body-scent of partridge or grouse at a considerable distance. They are employed, therefore, to range over field or moor in advance of the sportsman, and to intimate to him the presence of game by maintaining a statuesque position, accentuated by the head being turned in the direction where the birds lie concealed in stubble and heather, until he shall have walked up to the dog and come within shooting distance. The "point," as this immobile position is designated, is really a cataleptic condition induced by a sense of fear of punishment acting on the natural impulse to rush on the game when scented. Some dogs will keep longer at "point" than others, and among wonderful sporting stories there is one that a certain dog maintained his position long enough to have become absolutely frozen in his tracks. The setter is distinctly the handsomer animal; indeed, he is undoubtedly the most beautiful in appearance of any English sporting dog. The setter is of greater antiquity, if

the spaniel be accepted as his original progenitor. Before the use of firearms the spaniel used to "set" or "couch" to the sportsman with his net and to the falconer with his hawks. Besides the English setter, there are the Gordon and Irish breeds, these two differing principally in colour. Certain strains of English setters have enjoyed great reputations, and among these the Laverack, the Llewellyn, the Cockerton, and the Naworth Castle are some of the



POINTERS AND SETTERS.

best-known, the last-named showing the cross of the Irish water-spaniel with his top-knot unmistakably; while the names of some individual dogs are world-widely known among sportsmen, such as Old Moll and Ponto, which belonged to the 'twenties of this century, with their descendants Dash I. and Belle I., and Dash II. and Belle II., and Sam, &c., dogs which did more than speak by their intelligence, and whose "flag" movement among the heather was as exhilarating as a whole case

nose from the old Spanish pointer, a slow, cloddy dog, which we have smartened up by the introduction of foxhound, and even of greyhound, blood, for the purpose of obtaining greater speed; but it has been admittedly at the expense of nose and painstaking. Yet, as the modern pointer gets over more ground in a day, so the bag is the bigger, although his work is done in a more superficial manner. A cross between the pointer and the setter, called a "dropper," has been tried,



A PATRON OF "THE SKETCH."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARDS AND CO., LEYTONSTONE ROAD, E.

of champagne. Setters are better adapted than pointers for the moors; they are hardier and less inclined to become footsore, from their feet being protected by a greater amount of hair between the toes. The pointer might be classed as an "understudy" to the setter—that is, there is nothing beyond the "point," perhaps, that the setter cannot do better than the pointer. The setter is undoubtedly nowadays more popular with sportsmen; besides, he is a more companionable dog.

The pointer was introduced to us from France, but he gets his keen

but the result is not an improvement on the qualities of either of its parents. Among the great breeders of pointers of the past were Lord Derby, Lord Sefton, Squire Edge, and Colonel Thornton of Thornville Royal. As to the colour, that has been ruled by fashion, some inclining to lemon and white, while others have been partial to liver and white; but, whether speaking of setter or pointer, a particoloured dog has always been most in vogue, from his being more distinguishable when working than a self-coloured dog would be.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE LUCK OF THE DEVIL.

BY FRANK RENAR.

Because Charles Howard knew the horrors of the ordinary "hash-house" and the coldness of the comforts of a respectable hotel, he decided, when his people left him alone in the city of Sydney, to seek out bachelor apartments, comfortable without being under the restraints of too strict a prudery. For Howard was determined "to live the life," with his studies at the University as a business (without some business no life is free from care), his pronounced *penchant* for a pretty woman as a method of amusement, and a fairly good allowance as a means of pursuing both. A district which hesitated between the city proper and its suburbs, a district of late rising and discreet blinds, whose houses were redolent in the morning of the slight must of stale suppers, and in the evening of patchouli and opoponax, offered to him two clever little rooms on the ground floor to which no man-about-town could take the slightest exception. The keeper of the place was the usual widow in reduced circumstances, forced to let some of her rooms because of the usual misfortunes of the usual past. She had no other boarders in her cottage. She cooked irreproachable breakfasts. What more could be desired? Further, there were no young women about the place. Of that Howard was glad. He cherished with an almost ridiculous fondness the pleasure of his amours, and was fearful that to observe at close quarters a divinity would have the effect of making him an atheist.

Loving not much but often, he always aimed at extracting pleasure from his adventures without breaking any hearts. "My mission," he used to say to a chum, "is not to make love *virginibus puerisque*. I don't believe in that: it gives you doubts and remorse."

But this student of the arcades and the pavements almost feared that he had made a mistake as he ruminated over his last affair at the breakfast-table. True, he had made Nelly's acquaintance without the formality of an introduction, and had found her willing enough to have tea with him in the afternoon at his rooms, and an occasional oyster after the theatre. She didn't object to being kissed—by him, at any rate—and was not by any manner of means a prude in conversation. Yet he had his doubts, and she was very fond of him. Now Howard, though a selfish fellow, was not altogether heartless, and had he really thought his Nelly good, he would probably have just dropped her acquaintance. He was to an extent fond of his fellow-man, and of his fellow-woman too, in a disinterested fashion, and wished to break no hearts or reputations. He was certainly a great deal too fond of himself and of his pleasures to dream of marrying.

Still, Howard had a big hankering after his little friend. She was certainly the prettiest and the smartest girl he had met, quite lady-like, in fact, and superficially well-read. On the whole, it was a perplexing problem which he worried over as he tackled that morning his devilled kidneys, from which the fire had not been allowed to scorch that rosy blush which is a sign of delight to the gourmet. He almost decided to take a month's holiday as a means of throwing up the whole business. That he did not quite decide was shown by his spending the next Saturday afternoon rowing Nelly around the harbour. A mistress of James II. asked but one favour of her royal lover—that if he ever should resolve to forsake her, he should come to announce the determination in person. That woman knew more of human nature than James of kingcraft.

The following evening Nelly was at Howard's rooms for a couple of hours. "Mum thought she had gone to church, so she must not stay late," Nelly explained. They spent the time in talking books.

"No, I have never read Lytton's 'Pausanias,' Charlie. I thought it was an unfinished work of his, and"—with a *moue*—"I don't like anything unfinished."

"It was never completed," answered Howard, whose reference to the book was not altogether accidental. "It is a great pity. Lytton had in it a grand theme, just suitable for his pen. The men could loom large and not seem out of place in their surroundings. The majority of Lytton's modern heroes are too absurdly heroic for these small times. About this Pausanias. It is supposed to have been intended as a tale of a wrecked love. Pausanias, the greatest Grecian of his time, loved madly a princess of Syria. He wooed her long and vainly, but at last she was won by his suit, and, to make the sacrifice of her love the more complete, one night came to his house and stole to Pausanias' couch. He, startled from his sleep, thought that his chamber had been entered by an assassin, snatched up a sword and buried it in the body which he felt. The dying shriek of the woman he loved, and the entrance of slaves with lights, showed his fatal mistake. Pausanias lived afterwards a life of remorse, tortured in his dreams by the last cry of a woman."

"How fearfully sad!" almost sobbed Nelly, whose emotion, genuine enough, was still hardly explainable by the prosy and somewhat inaccurate summary of Lytton's fragment. The transition from the abstract of Asia to the reality of Sydney was easy for such a past-master in the art of suggestion as Howard. He insinuated that the bravery of Pausanias' lover was far and away beyond the power of the conventional clothes-carriers known as modern women—that she, his little Nelly, for instance, egregious though she was, and removed above the common herd, would never dare that much. Then he, half-jestingly, half in earnest, showed her the "ins and outs" of his apartments, how

the main-door key was always left outside, in a little niche in the wall, and so on. This, he said, was to prepare her for temptation. Yet, when she had gone, Howard was inclined to laugh aloud at the stupidity of his device and to be ashamed of having set the bait at all.

But Nelly had heard, and that night sleep delayed long its coming to her eyes. Far into the morning she tossed and muttered restlessly, and when the worried brain at length gained much-needed rest it was not unclouded, as could be seen by the face of the sleeper, perturbed by passing dreams.

On Monday morning Howard woke with a raging headache; for him, too, the night had been disturbed. "I must," he thought, after making a vain effort to swallow his breakfast, "cry off to-night. I really can't go to the blessed theatre." He had promised to take Nelly to see a society play at the Lyceum; but, believing profoundly that it is one of the privileges of friends to break appointments, he solved his trouble by writing a short note—

DEAREST NELLY,—I feel ill, wretchedly ill, to-day. I don't think I shall go down town at all. In any case, I must ask you to excuse me this evening. I intend to stay at home, go to bed early, and generally act the invalid. I know that you will pardon my seeming rudeness in thus breaking an engagement. It is not that I don't want to see you—you know, ill or well, that is always to me a pleasure.—Affectionately,
CHARLES H.

Howard, though, did go to town, posting the note as he went. At the University he found a letter from his sister, stating that she was coming to town from the country that afternoon, that her governess, Miss Forme, would chaperon her, and that he would have to give them accommodation at his lodgings. So, feeling like a martyr, Howard went up to the railway-station, brought, with many a misgiving, his sister and her governess to the somewhat risky neighbourhood of his quarters, and arranged with Mrs. Bradley, his widow, to put them up. He learnt that he would have to give up his own front room, which would be devoted to the two ladies, and take a back bedroom for the night. The next afternoon his sister and her governess were to return home, after a raid on the city shops. Miss Forme might or might not sleep with Miss Howard. She was going to have tea with some town relatives, and might stay with them for the night. "Anyway," said Howard, "since there are two of you as possible lodgers, you had better have my room. I will show you where the door-key is kept of a night, and if you come home after my sister has retired you can just let yourself in, *à la* emancipated Americaness." And so things were arranged.

The receipt of Howard's letter was a sore trouble to Nelly. She had, as early as was decently possible, rushed to the book-shop where she had her letters addressed to, in the hope of receiving a note from him. The news that she was not to see her lover at the theatre that night was maddening. Nelly felt that she must and would see him. And then, with curious distinctness, the tale of Pausanias came back to her.

Miss Dorothy Howard woke up in her brother's bedroom the next morning with a curious sense of loss, of something being absent which she had expected to be present. At first she thought the strange room to be responsible for the vague uneasiness, but as the new day's life surged up into her brain she remembered. Where was the governess? She distinctly remembered Miss Forme coming in during the night and waking her from sleep. She even thought that she had been spoken to and had answered. Where was now the governess, the contact of whose body she almost seemed to feel still? At breakfast she asked her brother:

"Miss Forme, where is she?"

"Don't you recollect? She was probably going to sleep with her relatives. I don't suppose you will see her until later in the day."

Dorothy quite thought that Miss Forme had come to her room to sleep. But when the governess came in later she finally dismissed the idea as a hallucination.

Howard was a trifle vexed when, by Wednesday, no note had arrived from Nelly in answer to his. He had seen his sister and her companion safely off to their country home again, and, relieved of the distraction of their presence, his thoughts were free to wander again towards his Nelly. "Perhaps," he said to himself, "she is put off because I broke off that theatre appointment. Ah, well, I can easily explain that." And, with the magnificent assurance of a facile lover, he walked along the streets, keeping a sharp look-out the while.

He was talking to an acquaintance in Pitt Street—to one of those intellectual weaklings whose square-cut sac-coats nightly polish the pillars of the shops around the theatres. This typical "chappie" of the Colonies had just been explaining how he had struck up an unconventional acquaintance with some lady, "who must have been a principal, because she got into a cab." Howard saw Nelly coming down the pavement. "You are mistaken," he remarked to his friend; "only the ballet-girls can afford cabs just now." And then he almost rushed forward to meet Nelly, the eagerness of an explanation in his face. The girl, with a frown, but no other sign of recognition, passed on.

Howard sent a letter asking for an explanation, but no answer ever came, and only lately he heard of Miss Nelly Miller's marriage. He still pursues his philosophical study of the better half of humanity with gratifying success.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



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N. D. N.
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STOUT FEMALE: Th' parson at th' church told me yesterday as 'ow I was 'eretic 'cos I goes to chapel.

CARPENTER: He ought to know better than to talk such nonsense; why, the Roman Catholics would tell him he was a heretic.

STOUT FEMALE: Ah, well, poor things! of course, we can't think as they do.



HI-TIDDLEY-HI-TI!

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The winter number of the *Studio* is unusually excellent. This magazine is the product of a brain. It is journalism (for the first time) applied to art, and the result has been an entire success. The number under notice is extraordinarily strong in literature as well as art. A hitherto unpublished essay on "A Mountain Town in France," by R. L. Stevenson, opens it, and a most curious series of Stevenson illustrations are the subject of an appreciation by Mr. Pennell. The dear old sampler, the modern art of illuminating manuscripts, architectural sketching, and several French painters of the day—these are some of the articles in the number, showing its alertness to every aspect of art. As usual, the *format* and the reproductions are perfect.

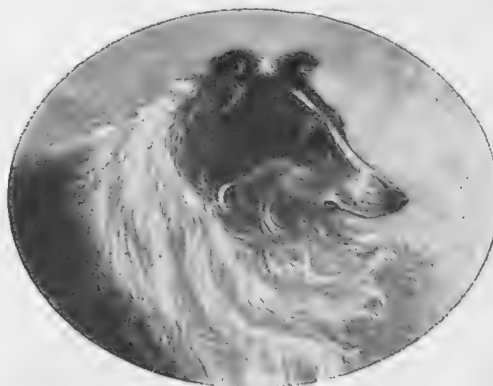
Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. have just issued, from the pen of Mr. Ford M. Hueffer, "with numerous reproductions," a record of the life and work of Ford Madox Brown, which is certainly, in its way, an

interest. All are reproduced with singular fidelity, and are well worthy of repose in any collection of really good prints.

The series of Biographical and Critical Reviews by American Artists, published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin and edited by the magnificently named John C. Van Dyke, under the general title of "Modern French Masters," contains a very large number of important reproductions and a good deal of clever literary work. Some of the comments upon the various artists mentioned in the volume are extremely valuable; this, for example, upon Millet. It was this painter's own criticism, here recorded, that "he wished, in a landscape, to give the feeling that you are looking at a piece of Nature—that the mind shall be carried on and outside its limits to that which is lying to the right and left of the picture, beyond the horizon, and to bring the foreground still nearer, surrounding the spectator with the vegetation or growth belonging to



MR. HARRY MONK'S BLOOMSBURY TARQUIN.



MR. PENNY'S SIRIUS.



MR. PYBUS SELLOON'S CHAMPION DONAX.



MR. SIDNEY TURNER'S TRIOMPHE.



MR. G. R. SIMS'S BARNEY BARNATO.

PAINTED BY G. VERNON STOKES. EXHIBITED AT THE SOCIETY OF MINIATURE PAINTERS, NEW BOND STREET, W.

admirable chronicle of a most interesting and attractive artistic character. For some reason or other, probably on account of the somewhat inhuman nature of his pictures, one has always refused to regard Ford Madox Brown from a particularly warm and natural point of view. It needs such a book as this to prove that the man lived a real, interesting life; that he suffered from toothache; that his friends addressed him under the style of "My dear Brown"; that he was subject to gout. All these symptoms are incidental enough to our frail humanity; but one had somehow dissociated the painter of "Cordelia," of "The Entombment," of "Elijah and the Widow's Son," from such daily ills. Here, however, is to be recommended a biography full of information, naturally written, and presenting very completely the picture of a fine, human, and engrossing character.

Messrs. Grevel and Co.'s handsome monthly prints, issued under the titles of "Classical Sculpture Gallery" and "The Print Gallery," deserve every recognition. The collection of reproductions in sculpture are taken from the Vatican, from Florence, from Athens, and from the Carthusian Church at Dijon. The supposed statue of Menander from the Vatican is particularly excellent in its black background and well-considered *chiaroscuro*. Of the prints, which are "reproductions of masterpieces of engraving from the end of the fifteenth to the beginning of the nineteenth century," there are many in the present issue of great

that place." Perhaps the most interesting of the series is the paper by Mr. Theodore Robinson on Corot.

More miniatures: this time, again from the Society of Miniature Painters, of five delightful doggies, painted by Mr. G. Vernon Stokes, and reproduced herewith. One has no need to be a fancier of the various canine tribes to recognise the truth and prettiness of these counterfeit presentments; and Mr. Stokes has wisely refrained from affixing a human sentiment to the faces of his animals—an exaggeration of which not even Landseer was very often free. These, in a word, are simply dogs, painted as they stand or sit and gaze.

The Fine Art Society has supplemented its "humorous" exhibition with a very charming collection of Mr. Elmslie's drawings "From Youth to Age." The sentiment of the somewhat obvious scenes which such a subject naturally suggests is never strained or made mawkish. Mr. Elmslie works, indeed, within very definite limits; but he is always delicate and tender. At the same galleries are also exhibited certain lithographs by Mr. Pennell of the Alhambra. It is not easy to speak of these noble passages in art with moderation. The artist has realised, in an extraordinary degree, the genius of the medium in which he works, and implies colour, light, atmosphere, everything of necessity to Nature, by the skilful manipulation of his material.

THE MASTER CUTLER OF SHEFFIELD.

Time was when two great gatherings in England were waited for by politicians in expectation of light and leading in regard to national affairs. One was the Guildhall Banquet, when her Majesty's Ministers are at the Mansion House; the other the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield. At the great provincial function a Cabinet Minister, with several lesser



THE MASTER CUTLER.
Photo by Trevellick and Parkin, Sheffield.

members of the Government, invariably attended. The date, the first Thursday in September, served admirably for the statesman who desired to defend what the Administration had done in the Session which had terminated during the previous month. The Guildhall Banquet, on the other hand, being held in November, afforded an opportunity for the Premier or his colleagues to give some indication of what they were likely to do in the following Session. The Banquet of the North has now come to be regarded as a movable festival, and for some years has been held in the same month as the Banquet of the South. This alteration has robbed it of much of its political importance; but the change was inevitable, and, in fact, had been precipitated even before it occurred to Master Cutlers that the beginning of September, sacred to St. Partridge, was not a convenient season for getting statesmen and other illustrious guests around their hospitable board. They are keen politicians Sheffield way, and now and then the vigorous party utterances had excited much feeling in the town which sent "Tear-em" (John Arthur Roebuck) to Parliament, rejected him for a season, and afterwards brought forth fruits meet for repentance in returning him at the top of the poll in that eventful year when Sheffield would not have the statesman who now controls the Colonial affairs of Great Britain. Very few people, possibly, remember that in 1874 the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, then known merely as an enterprising screw-manufacturer and head of the forward movement in the municipality of Birmingham, made Sheffield the first place of asking for admission to Parliament, and with this result—Mr. Roebuck, 14,103; Mr. Mundella, 12,858; Mr. Chamberlain, 11,053. There gradually developed a desire to modify the distinctively political aspect of the Cutlers' Feast, the last straightforward party speech delivered by a Front Bench man being that by Mr. Robert Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke) in 1873. Now, the representatives of the Government, by a legal fiction, are supposed not to talk politics. They do it, all the same, the veiled party pronouncements being only less effective than the honest, straightforward hitting from the shoulder which used to rouse Yorkshire to enthusiasm in "the brave days of old." The Master Cutler's guests are mainly Conservatives, and they naturally prefer their own side of the question, whatever it may happen to be; but, to do them justice, they give a very fair, even a generous, hearing to an opponent, particularly if he is a man of mark and not afraid to speak out what he holds to be right. Half-hearted, mincing, Laodicean oratory they cannot away with.

The Cutlers' Company as formally incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1624—it had existed in an incorporated state long before then—was established for the government and regulation of the cutlery trades of the town and district. In 1860 its jurisdiction was extended to include those engaged in the manufacture of steel, saws, edge-tools, and other articles of steel, or of steel and iron combined, the essential point being that they had a cutting edge. Recent trade-mark legislation, while in other quarters centralising authority, has consolidated and strengthened that of the Cutlers' Company, who are now the recognised lawful body for granting and governing all trade-marks affecting their callings within the district of Hallamshire and six miles compass thereof. The manufacturers of Sheffield and neighbourhood are thus in the unique position of having a trade-registry within their own household.

The Cutlers' Company consists of the Master, two wardens, six searchers, nineteen assistants, with law-clerk, beadle, and registry-clerk. The Company has one of the finest, if not the finest, suite of rooms in the provinces. All the business is transacted in its own house, and the Cutlers' Feast is held in the magnificent banqueting-hall of the Company. On the first Thursday in September, the Master Cutler, whose election takes place in August, is installed according to the ancient and curious ceremony which was established hundreds of years ago.

The Master Cutler for 1896-7 is Mr. Alexander Wilson, J.P., Deputy-Chairman and Managing Director of Messrs. Charles Cammell and Co., Limited, of the Cyclops Steel and Iron Works, Savile Street, Sheffield. He was born at St. Andrews, Fifeshire, where he received the rudiments of his education, subsequently passing on to the University of Edinburgh. His brother, the late Mr. George Wilson, J.P., was then in Sheffield, engaged at the Cyclops Works, in which he afterwards became a partner. After passing through the various departments, the subject of our sketch went to New York, returning in two years to Sheffield. The Cyclops firm was converted into a limited company in 1864, Mr. George Wilson becoming the managing director, while Mr. Alexander Wilson was assistant to him. A great business in those days was the manufacture of steel rails, which fetched as high as eighteen to twenty pounds a ton. When prices fell to less than a fourth of that amount, it became necessary to transfer the trade to the coast, and Messrs. Cammell and Co. initiated this bold departure by erecting a large establishment for rail-making for foreign countries at Workington, on the Solway Firth, where the output of rails exceeded 6000 tons per week. The headquarters are the Cyclops Works, Savile Street;



THE MISTRESS CUTLER.
Photo by J. S. Topley and Co., Sheffield.

then there are the Grimesthorpe Ordnance Steel, Tyne, and Spring Works, the Derwent Iron and Steel Works, Workington (already referred to), the Yorkshire Steel and Iron Works, Penistone, near Sheffield, and the Old and New Oaks Collieries, Ramsley. The company possess their own hematite mines in Cumberland, and have lately purchased the Solway iron blast-furnaces, near Maryport. The business carried on covers every

department of the heavy iron and steel trades, including armour-plates, guns, projectiles, marine forgings, steel castings, crank and propeller shafts, steel rails, engineering specialities, boiler and ship plates, files, &c. At the Oak Collieries between a thousand and twelve hundred tons of coal are raised per day, the whole of which, excepting house-coal, is used in the company's own works, which are the largest in South Yorkshire, employing over 10,000 men.

The Master Cutler is the inventor of the compound system of armour which superseded iron plates, as iron superseded wood. Iron plates were rolled up to twenty and twenty-two inches thick. In the conflict with projectiles the plates were beaten. Mr. Wilson devised a plate with a hard steel face and a soft back of iron, the object of the face being to break up the shell, and of the back to prevent the through cracking of the plate. The method, which proved thoroughly effective, was patented as the "Wilson" armour, and gave plates the lead once more. The compound plates were adopted by the British Admiralty, as well as by France, Germany, and Russia. Though the plates now used for battleships are of solid steel, with what is known as a Harveyised face, the "Wilson" principle is retained in the latest result of armour evolution. The Master Cutler has thus earned his right to rank among the great captains of industry by, among other qualifications, his share in the transition of the world's navies after wooden men-of-war had given place to ironclads.

The Cyclops Works have been visited by many members of the royal family and of the reigning Houses of the Continent, as well as by distinguished military, political, literary, and scientific people. Mr. Wilson is a Justice of the Peace for the West Riding of York and the Borough of Sheffield. He is a member of the Junior Carlton Club, the Scottish Conservative Club, and the Sheffield Club, as well as of the Civil Engineers, Mechanical Engineers, Iron and Steel Institute, &c. Mr. Wilson



INVITATION CARD TO THE MASTER CUTLER'S BANQUET.

was presented at Court this season on his appointment as Consul for Chili. With great business experience, an intimate acquaintance with the industrial and social side of Sheffield and district, and endowed with the precious gift of good-temper, exceptional tact, and unfailing courtesy, Mr. Wilson will make a model Master Cutler. A thorough sportsman, he gets off when he can to Scottish rivers and lochs for the salmon-fishing, and in the autumn finds time for the moors and the stubbles for grouse and partridge. The Mistress Cutler has a busy time of it in the social functions which fall largely to her share, and in Mrs. Alexander Wilson the Cutlers' Company will on these occasions be most pleasantly and acceptably represented. The Duke of Norfolk has taken a second term of office as Mayor of Sheffield, in view of the expected visit of the Queen to open the new Town Hall—an engagement which her Majesty was prevented from fulfilling last season owing to the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg while serving in the Ashantee Expedition.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Not for years has there been such a show as the new Lord Mayor gave last week. It was picturesque and to the point, inasmuch as it supplemented the recent demonstration over Nelson by giving the Army a good show. The fine, crisp weather brought out great crowds, and Alderman Treloar gave infinite delight to the little cripple-children brought together in his establishment at Ludgate Hill by the Ragged School Union. The invitation-card to the Lord Mayor's banquet was striking. Its principal feature was a water-colour drawing in sepia of a pastoral scene, drawn by J. H. Burnside from suggestions given by Mr. B. S. Faudel-Phillips. The reproduction was carried out by Blades, East, and Blades. The arms of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs appeared in colours on a shield to the right, across which was a cartouche provided for the words of the invitation and the name of the guest. In the lower part of the shield were the City arms, and, as a pendant, those of the Irish Society, of which the Lord Mayor is Governor,

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Lucas Malet has put a stumbling-block in the way of her readers' complete appreciation of her new story, "The Carissima" (Methuen). It is a very able story. Only a very few of our novelists can write so well, and there are pages in it quite worthy of Mr. Henry James. One readily acknowledges that she has treated her subject very cleverly, but a simple reader must be somewhat puzzled as to how *he* should treat it. For there must be collaboration between writer and reader, a fact that is little recognised, because most books are obvious in subject, treatment, and argument. Here Lucas Malet does not give us a strong-enough lead, and we are left groping, knowing all the time that she is treading the right road confidently. Leversedge saw a horrible thing in South Africa, saw the "Thing-too-Much." It haunted him ever after in the form of a dog with yellowish-green eyes. Otherwise, he is a very simple-minded, honourable, affectionate, very English Englishman, and much in love with Charlotte Perry, the Carissima. One has an uncomfortable feeling that the apparition of the dog is not meant to be accepted with mere literalness. The wretched cur does, indeed, play an important literal part in the story, after Leversedge confesses to Charlotte how he is haunted; for Charlotte—a victim to the disease of posing, a weak, susceptible creature, determined to play great parts when she is not strong enough for little ones—is in collusion with an æsthetic sensualist, an ugly villain; and they combine to bring the horrors on Leversedge. But one feels that is not all—that that, in fact, is not enough. Has the dog a subtler use in the story? Is he there to give a simple-minded man a hint of the dark, hideous depths in human nature, since through the apparition are revealed the mean failings of the woman to whom he has given the whole of himself and all his worldly possessions? The dog is a ghost, of course; but is it a literal



INVITATION CARD TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON'S BANQUET.

or a symbolic ghost? This is all a little too difficult, and setting us such a puzzle would have meant failure to a less able writer. But the book keeps our interest and curiosity; and the Perry father and mother make excellent diversion.

Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe writes very prettily, and has a happy knack of brevity. His "Vignettes: A Miniature Journal of Whim and Sentiment" (Lane) is a dainty book conceived on a novel plan. It is no journal in the ordinary sense, only pictures of scenes observed and records of sentiments experienced at some halting-place in his wanderings. The titles of the scraps—"Ascension Day at Arles," "Spring in Béarn," "Old Marseilles at Midday," "In the Campo Santo at Perugia," and the others—are attractive in themselves, and set our minds dancing with longing and envy. The pictures are sometimes very deftly made, the sentiments, if not startlingly original, never given sententious utterance. It is better, on the whole, than setting down, as most travellers do, a record of hours, distances, and discomforts, with extracts from the guide-book. And it is well worth doing if one has the eye of an artist and a deft pen. But they are terribly polished notes; the impulse has gone out of many of them, and the life-blood, leaving something rather too thin and starveling to be left without the protection of a context. Mr. Crackanthorpe is often forcible, and sometimes he finds, even here, an opening for satire, as in "Reverie"—

I dreamed of an age grown strangely picturesque—of the rich enfeebled by monotonous ease; of the shivering poor clamouring nightly for justice; of a helpless democracy, vast revolt of the ill-informed; of priests striving to be rational; of sentimental moralists protecting iniquity; of middle-class princes; of sybaritic saints; of complacent and pompous politicians; of doctors hurrying the degeneration of the race; of artists discarding possibilities for limitations; of pressmen befooling a pretentious public; of critics refining upon the 'busman's methods; of inhabitants of Camberwell chattering of culture.

A very patronisingly pessimistic picture of this "great, dreamy London of ours, of her myriad fleeting moods, of the charm of her portentous provinciality"; but perhaps the patronage is healthy, and prevents the poison of the pessimism from working ill, for Mr. Crackanthorpe says he woke from his dream "all a-glad and hungering for life." o. o.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It was many years ago that the idea entered the minds of certain Nonconformists of standing that it would be well for their religious bodies to share in many good things that had been too readily surrendered to the Establishment. One of these good things was the Public School spirit and tradition, and, while the narrower minds of the denominations were afraid of the great schools, the broader thinkers recognised the value and force of such a training as is conferred by a historic house of education. With the view of developing a real Public School for Nonconformists, Mill Hill School was founded. It took a good deal of developing.

The progress of the institution was chequered. It went forward and slipped back again, much as the pedestrian does when scaling the clay ridges on the crest of one of which the school stands. A school without centuries of traditions is dependent largely on its head; the late

several times been nearly M.P. for Greenwich, was the retiring President of the Club; Sir W. H. Wills, M.P. for part of the ancient city with which his name is indissolubly linked, was his successor. Mr. Albert Spicer, M.P., proposed the health of Sir William; the Hon. Lyulph Stanley proposed the Club; Professor Owen Seaman, better known as "O.S." or "Nauticus," the political Calverley of our days, spoke in prose as sparkling as his verse; Professor J. R. Green responded for the guests; the Headmaster, Dr. McClure, was earnest and entertaining by turns; and all, to quote the Elderly Gentleman in "Nicholas Nickleby," was "gas and gaiters"—saving that the Venerable Archdeacon of London could not come, thus causing a slight deficiency in the latter item.

Sed quid plura? as Sir William H. Wills omitted to remark, though he gave most of the other Latin quotations. Only I may notice the first introduction to an audience of a new song suitable for smoking-concerts, setting forth the virtues and charms of "My Lady Nicotine," composed, appropriately, by a Barrie without the *e*—the Chevalier Odoardo, to



THE MILL HILL SCHOOL DINNER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

Archbishop, as we have all been reminded by his obituaries, practically made Wellington College a real Public School. The headmasters of Mill Hill School were able and conscientious, but they were not Bensons, and the school hung on the verge, so to speak, for some time. Now we may say that the corner is fairly turned, and that only time, increased numbers, and a few endowments are wanting to create a friendly rival of the great schools that win Battles of Waterloo on their playing-fields. The endowments are beginning. Has not Sir W. H. Wills given a quarter of a new chapel?

If in numbers and traditions Mill Hill School has been less favoured than older institutions, it has certainly no inferiority in one respect. The Old Boys taught in its class-rooms—rather draughty they used to be—have as loyal and genuine an attachment to their old school as any Etonian or Harrovian. They have formed themselves, according to the excellent custom of late years, into a Club, and on the 30th of last month they held their nineteenth annual dinner in the festive halls of the "Cri" of Outcast London, and went through an elaborate dinner from the bitters to the sweets. There were men of standing and note among the guests. Mr. Whiteley, of the London School Board, who has

wit—and sung, as appropriately, by Mr. Arthur Wills, a relative of the genial President, who has done much for the cult of Our Lady of Smoke. For the rest, did not others sing and recite, notably, Mark Ambient, known as a lyrist to readers of *The Sketch*?

How very simple seems the solution of the Venezuelan difficulty! It seemed as if a deadlock had been reached in the dispute. To take the Schomburgk line as an irreducible minimum for British claims was open to objection, as it was only drawn for convenience, and was representative of the views of one man. Yet to take the extreme lines claimed by the two disputants as the limits of arbitration would have placed the very existence of British Guiana at stake. A moderate term of prescription rules out all the manifestly extravagant claims of either side, while it leaves open to arbitration all recent extensions. The term of sixty years invalidates the recent British settlements, but it also invalidates the Venezuelan advances into the disputed territory. It may result disadvantageously to British Guiana in some respects, but any line will be better than a perpetual dispute, and there is no chance now of a verdict that will trench on the old limits of the colony.—MARMITON.

THE KREMO CHILDREN, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.

The sensation of the hour in the world of variety entertainment is provided by the Kremo Troupe of Child Acrobats now appearing at the Alhambra. Kremo père is a kind and prolific father; he has enriched the stage with seven clever little acrobats, and there are more to come as soon as the age-limit is attained. In fact, a visit to morning rehearsal on the Alhambra stage enabled me to see several very young Kremos, old enough to practise, too young to perform in public. Special permission has been obtained for two, Theodore and Eugénie, whose ages are ten and nine years respectively, and they nightly join the other five whose average age is thirteen. Kremo senior was originally one of the Schaffer troupe, and trains all his own children. They have appeared in Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Stockholm, and Berlin, but never before in London.

I had seen the turn from the auditorium, and noted the complete approval of patrons from gallery to stalls; on this occasion I went on the stage to see practice. The children looked smaller than ever, but seemed healthy and happy enough. Two or three mats were spread upon the boards, and the little ones were busy turning double somersaults. One of the smallest boys was doing the peculiar circular tumble which is a speciality of Arab male dancers;



one of his shoes fell off, but, none the less, he continued to twirl on one bare foot. The head of the troupe seemed to be very good-natured, but I did not judge him by his behaviour while I was looking on. I waited to have a chat with Mr. Forde, the stage-manager, who told me that Mr. Kremo is always kind to his clever children. "I am bound to say," remarked Mr. Forde, "that very few trainers are as kind as he is. In no case would we permit any cruelty to children or animals on the stage, but we know it goes on out of our sight." I watched the work carefully for a few minutes, and was delighted with the pluck of the young performers.

The tendency of the moment is towards the exhibition of little children. The movement has risen on the Continent, where there is very little restraint; it has spread to America, where Bial and Hammerstein are busy catering for the demand, and London will, of course, be served liberally. Of the dangers attending the latest variety craze one cannot well be silent. There is nothing wrong about the Kremo troupe, if child performances are fit and proper things to encourage; but, so soon as a demand is established, there will be a supply from those Continental cities where young apprentices are made into acrobats regardless of fitness.



THE KREMO CHILDREN, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photographs by Iana, Strand.



A CHAT WITH MISS GRACE HAWTHORNE.

The power of imparting one's own individuality to one's surroundings is a gift possessed by the few. Miss Grace Hawthorne is one of these. It matters little where you may meet her, even in a strange hotel, she will not have been there many hours before she will have cast her spell over the rooms she may be occupying, and have metamorphosed their commonplace appearance to one that is charmingly artistic. It follows, then, that her own particular *pied-à-terre*—from which, by the way, she will presently migrate to a house in South Kensington—is thoroughly reflective of her delicate taste in furniture and decoration, while it is replete with curios, the spoils of her travels, and of choice draperies from foreign looms, which give a sense of luxurious colour.

"Yes, I am indeed delighted to be back again in London after my tour round the world," said Miss Hawthorne, when a *Sketch* representative called on her the other day, "for, in spite of my American birth, London seems to me the only embodiment of home. I cannot forget, too, it was in London that I, the pioneer of American managers, received the encouragement of the Press and public in my first enterprise in that direction, and, strangely enough, in the Olympic Theatre, where I shall shortly do my utmost to change the fortunes of a generally unlucky house."

"Now tell me something of your recent travels, for you are always so observant that your remarks cannot fail to be interesting."

"Well, I left London twelve months ago with a company of eighteen artists. We opened in Calcutta, where we played an engagement of four months. After that we went to Burmah, to the Isle of Penang, to Singapore, Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and to many smaller cities, besides visiting Japan, and finishing our tour at Vancouver Island."

"And what place or places impressed you most?"

"Each in a different way. India, for instance, for its glorious colouring and marvellous architecture; but I was sorry to notice that the women are discarding their own lovely costume and are turning themselves into faulty copies of Europeans. As to China, well, one great drawback to travelling there is that there are no railroads. The canal-boats and jolting carts and sedan-chairs take their place, to the traveller's great discomfort. We spent five weeks in Hong-Kong, where there is a very pretty theatre, which is well patronised by the English-speaking population, who don't mind paying very high prices for their seats. And there is besides an amateur dramatic society of a very high order both in art and ability. In Shanghai, again, the huge colony of English and Americans most generously support the drama, and I was very happy; but don't ask me if I liked Old Shanghai, outside the limits of the new city. Horrible indeed was the dirt and squalor of those narrow streets. I can assure you that the typhoon we experienced between Kobe and Yokohama, terrific though it was, was positively grateful, compared to the scent of the Chinese city. The best theatre in which we played during our tour was in Yokohama, where there is, as you know, a very large Anglo-Saxon colony."

"The war between China and Japan was over, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. But I came across several little reminders of it. It was rather amusing to notice in some of the smaller towns the excitement displayed over the return of a single soldier, whether a victorious general or a humble private. The entire population turned out to greet him, with a band, usually composed of fourteen accordions and one drum. And their songs are somewhat surprising, for the music is generally English or American. It was an experience to hear 'Her Golden Hair was Hanging down Her Back' set to Japanese words."

"And how did you like the people?"

"Immensely. The cleanliness of everything was delightful after the dirt of China. The people are so neat in everything they do, and they are so quick to learn. I shall never forget their astonishment when watching me breaking eggs and afterwards frying them. That same night the whole township supped off fried eggs. It was a new recipe, which they at once adopted. Japanese cookery did not impress me, I must admit; they use neither grease nor salt."

"And now, having left the heathen behind you, you come back to us

more a Christian than ever, for that, I believe, is the part you will play in the new version of 'The Pilgrim's Progress'?"

"Well, I suppose so. You may like to know that the play was brought to me by Mr. George Collingham, a young author who had previously done good work for me."

"Is 'The Pilgrim's Progress' at all on the lines of 'The Sign of the Cross'?"

"Let me explain. 'The Sign of the Cross' is an excellent and a moving drama, but it follows the conventional lines and characterisation of modern melodrama. Its chief incident is borrowed from a German piece called 'Pelagia.' 'The Pilgrim's Progress' has a different basis. It is the old 'mystery play' of the past handled to suit modern requirements. The legend is placed in a romantic setting, and will have all the accessories that scenic art, music, picturesque grouping, and colour can supply."

"And your own part is congenial to you, Miss Hawthorne?"

"Oh, yes, completely. It was written expressly for me. I have always had a leaning towards mysticism. Perhaps that is in part due to my convent training, for I was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Chicago, and only left the good sisters some three months before I went on to the stage."

"How did you become imbued with a taste for the drama?"

"I really can't tell you. I only know that I was but five when I gave my first recitation. It came about like this. I was the youngest pupil at a little school near my father's house when a musical entertainment, with recitations, was got up. I was deputed to recite some infantile verses, and, in order that I might be better seen, I was put on the top of the grand piano. What came over me I don't know. No, it was not stage fright, but, somehow, I forgot my lines, and gravely gave them the Lord's Prayer instead. I still remember the look of amazement on the faces of my audience, and how they reverently stood up and listened. So, you see, I faced the public first with a prayer, and now, after many years, I am to teach it the true lesson of 'The Pilgrim's Progress'; and if my poor efforts shall help any of my auditors to the Light, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain, and that there is some subtle link between the prayer recited by me as a child and the magnificent drama of the great Pilgrim warrior which I shall shortly personate."

In view of the production, playgoers will be glad to get the beautiful little thumb edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress" which Canon Venables has edited for Mr. Henry Frowde. Printed on the famous India paper of the Oxford Press, it is illustrated, contains 860 pages, and may be had, in a variety of bindings, from eighteenpence upwards; so that, if you wish to see what liberties have been taken by the dramatic adapter, you cannot do better than get a copy of this tiny edition. It may be remembered that years ago

George Macdonald's family used to give outdoor representations of "The Pilgrim's Progress," so that its production at the Olympic will not be entirely novel.

WOMAN AS A BOXER.

Some years ago a couple of "lady boxers" made their bow at the Aquarium. They were fine-looking girls, and seemed to enjoy the sport thoroughly; indeed, they were exceedingly indignant when it was hinted to them that their efforts could not be taken quite seriously, and, further, they assured me that they never felt really well unless they practised frequently, even during their brief holidays. Now, it seems, New York doctors are prescribing wrestling to their nervous lady patients; they further hold out the hope that this probably most ancient form of exercise in the world is also very beautifying to the complexion. The feminine wrestler may use her cycling-dress when "on the ground," but, of course, a gymnasium costume is the right thing. An enterprising young lady reporter, Miss Kate Swan, has been giving an amusing record of her experiences while wrestling for the first time with Hugh Leonard, the instructor of the New York Athletic Club, and she winds up her article with the shrewd and true remark that there are women in the world to whom a slight knowledge of wrestling might occasionally prove useful, and "really it is a great sport taken in homeopathic doses, or if you are handled like a butterfly."



MISS GRACE HAWTHORNE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

A FOOD OF THE FUTURE.

Even those who can recall the lecturing tour of that eminent German savant, the late Baron Liebig, considerably more than thirty years ago, will have probably forgotten that the populariser of meat-extract was accompanied on his progress through the country by the gentleman who is

to-day Lord Playfair, and whom many of us recollect in the House of Commons as one of the most energetic and brilliant members of that distinguished assembly. Baron Liebig lectured on "foods" to the deeply interested million, and, as the Baron had not a mastery of our language, the Mr. Playfair of that day acted as his translator. It is certainly a notable fact that nearly three decades after those Liebig lectures Lord Playfair should be found presiding over the destinies of Bovril, whose inventor, Mr. J. Lawson Johnston, succeeded in doing what the illustrious German chemist admitted his inability to do. Mr. Johnston being the essence of good-nature, there was not overmuch difficulty in persuading him to



LORD PLAYFAIR.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

talk to a *Sketch* representative about the various descriptions of food with which his name will always be linked, and about which he has long been a first-rate practical authority.

"In your important speech at the Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. Johnston, you are reported as having said that 'the phenomenal prosperity of Bovril, Limited, was simply the natural development of a correct theory—a theory that implied permanence and expansion.' Can you give me some idea of your theory?"

"I am afraid," was Mr. Johnston's reply, "that you would require more than one interview to do that subject justice; but, as *multum in parvo* is one branch of that theory, I will try to boil it down; only don't let me bore you too much with technicalities. This card of yours is intended to introduce the same gentleman that I met a year ago; but physiologically it does not; for probably there is not an atom of that gentleman that has not been displaced and replaced more than once. There was an old notion that such reconstruction occupied about seven years, but it is now known that seven weeks is nearer the time. The metabolic processes are in continuous activity; every muscular action is accompanied by waste of tissue and potential energy; every mental effort has a chemical as well as an intellectual basis; all vital activity implies combustion of the living self. This is the natural expenditure, and assimilated nourishment is the natural income: if the income is not equivalent to the expenditure, physical bankruptcy is the natural result. The human system cannot make flesh and blood out of food that does not contain the elements of flesh and blood. Only the albumenoids of food contain the elements of flesh and blood; they are the building material of the body. The bodily machine is made from them; they build tissue and maintain the vital processes; they are the important factors of life. Beef-teas or beef-extracts, home-made or otherwise, do not contain the albumenoids; they are therefore

incapable of building tissue or of maintaining the vital processes, and life cannot possibly be maintained by them. Beef-teas or meat-extracts are useful as innocuous stimulants; they act on the nervous system, increase the action of the heart, assist the processes of chemical affinity, and create a degree of exhilaration which is serviceable in the depressing stages of illness. But they are not food; they contain the flavour and odour of flesh, with certain soluble salts and other ingredients which assist digestion, and, therefore, have good qualities; but, regarded as nourishment, they are a delusion."

"Do you mean to say that Baron Liebig's theory was a delusion?"

"By no means. The writings of Baron Liebig (who, by the way, was for many years associated with our Chairman in scientific research) endorse all I have said, and he repeatedly expressed regret that the extract which bears his name was not a food, and suggested that were it possible to furnish an extract that contained the albumenoids, all that was essential to nutrition would be secured. The apparently insuperable difficulty was that, heated albumen being insoluble, it could not be procured as an extractive. And now comes what I called our correct theory of manufacture. We procure the albumenoids—namely, albumen and fibrine—from the lean of selected beef; the fat, gelatine, tendons, &c., are carefully eliminated, and the moisture—which comprises 75 per cent. to 80 per cent.—is evaporated by our special process below the point of coagulation; the product is then reduced to a minute powder and blended with extract of meat, &c., adding to it, in an easily digestible form, the constituents that are essential to life, that go in the most direct possible form to build up blood and muscle, brain and nerve, and to maintain the vital processes in normal activity. But the special feature is that these nutrients, in their infinitesimally subdivided form, are capable of perfect digestion and assimilation by the feeblest invalid or infant, and that with the least possible expenditure of vital energy. The theory is simply to assist nature to natural nourishment. There is no forcing of nature; the process simply overtakes the hard work that the debilitated stomach is incapable of doing."

"I fear I am unable to reconcile your opinion with those of my grandmother, who was an expert at beef-tea making."

"With all due respect to the memory of that lady, the world must go on, and it must improve, and I feel justified in saying that the theory which I have attempted to explain is now far beyond the field of speculation: it is an undisputed fact."

"But, returning to your remarks at the general meeting, you mention a department of scientific dietetics for military, expeditionary, and hospital purposes. I suppose the special features of this section are kept a profound secret, are they not, Mr. Johnston?"

"Not at all. The actual manipulation may be, but the important principles which guide those manipulations are public property. You will at once realise that for military and expeditionary purposes it is of vital importance that the ration should be adapted to the physical and climatic requirements, and should contain the greatest possible amount of easily digestible nourishment in the smallest possible bulk and weight. There should be some variety, and the rations should be prepared and packed so as to preclude the possibility of their deteriorating under any reasonable circumstances. All these conditions are fully complied with in our various



MR. J. LAWSON JOHNSTON IN HIS STUDY

Photo by Dorrett and Co., London.

ration preparations, which have been tested and approved in all the important expeditions and campaigns of the last few years. The great point is to avoid burdening the commissariat with anything that is not directly capable of being transformed into actual muscle or potential energy, and, furthermore, to remove the water (which in lean beef is over 75 per cent., and in vegetables over 90 per cent.) without the slightest detriment to the desiccated products. Then, for hospital specialities, apart from our

£3 10s. per share paid-up, making a total of £70,000, whereas, including the vendor's shares fully paid, the total capital was at that time £120,000. At the same time it was urged that, if this were a disadvantage applying only to the few persons holding these shares, it might be regarded as of no particular interest, but that it would be desirable to have the whole of the shares quoted under one denomination. It was accordingly proposed to reconstruct the company, and thereby to

abolish the then existing liability of £1 10s. per share on those issued to the public; and another reason for the proposed formal reconstruction was to bring the capital nearer to an intrinsic value as represented by the market price of the shares. The scheme, in brief, was as follows: That the amount paid on each share be multiplied by three, making the fully paid shares of £5 each into 15 shares of £1 each, fully paid, and making the partly paid shares of £5 each, £3 10s. paid, into 10½ shares of £1 each, fully paid. Such an arrangement obviously conveyed a very substantial benefit to the vendor, Mr. Johnston; and in return for this benefit he agreed to pay all the expenses of the *pro forma* liquidation and reconstruction. Consequently, the company emerged in its new form, with a nominal capital of £400,000, divided into 400,000 shares of £1 each, whereof 25,000 shares would remain for the time unissued. At the special meeting in May last the scheme was adopted. It gave to the previous shareholders for each share of £5, with £3 10s. paid, 11½ shares of £1 each, fully paid. These latter were quoted about mid-October at 4½, so that the then capitalisation represented

something near £55 for the original £3 shares. As to the present financial aspect of the company reference will be made next week, when the prospectus is issued.

The board of the new company will be exceptionally strong and influential, Lord Playfair being, it is stated, still at the head of affairs. Mr. George Lawson Johnston (just returned from Argentina) will be a member of the directorate. Mr. Johnston senior naturally remains managing director.



PEONS ON CATTLE RANCH.

staple Bovril, we have lately introduced Albumen Flakes, which are practically the juice expressed from fresh beef and desiccated by a patented process under the coagulating point of albumen. In this form, fresh meat-juice may be kept for an indefinite period in an absolutely perfect condition, without the use of antiseptics, which are always more or less injurious. We are just making arrangements for the introduction of other special invalid foods, but, as I said to begin with, the subject is altogether too extensive for what is called an 'interview.' I am, however, going to write a book upon these subjects, and your name is down for a complimentary copy."

As an "addendum" to Mr. Johnston's interesting account of the rise and marvellous progress of Bovril, it may be pointed out that the company recently purchased by Mr. Hooley for two millions sterling was originally formed to acquire, as from Jan. 1, 1889, the business of Mr. Johnston. The purchase consideration was £25,000 in cash and £50,000 in shares. On this capitalisation, £150,000 in all, the company was remarkably successful. The dividends were—for 1890-1, at the rate of 5 per cent.; in the following year the rate was 7½ per cent.; for 1892-3 it was 8 per cent.; for 1893-4 it was 10 per cent.; for 1894-5 it was 15 per cent., with a bonus of 5 per cent.; for 1895-6 there was paid an interim dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum, the sum of £4026 being carried forward to the next year. Before the year was concluded, however, there was placed before the shareholders a scheme for the reorganisation of the capital, which was adopted. The circular giving the details of the scheme set forth the considerations which had led the directors to make the proposal. It was mentioned that at that time anyone who took up an official "London Share List" found the capital stated as consisting of only 20,000 shares of £5 each, with



BRANDING CATTLE.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Deeried, pooh-poohed, though they be, performances of Ibsen's plays have the merit of becoming memorable, and none should be more so than "Little Eyolf," which is to be produced at matinées at the Avenue Theatre on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday next week. With Miss Janet Achurch, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Miss Robins in the cast, the production promises to break the record. If you want a seat (three stalls cost twenty-four shillings), you should apply to Mr. C. G. Compton at the Avenue.

Clever Master Stewart Dawson will be Little Eyolf. The son of the lamented actor of the same name, he won golden opinions by his fresh and natural impersonation of the son of Stephen D'Acosta and Nina, in "A Woman's Reason," at the Shaftesbury. It was quite free from the stereotyped affectations of stage children.

Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who is again delighting the patrons of the St. James's Theatre with his portrayal of the rôle of the plucky young English artist, Bertram Bertrand, in "The Prisoner of Zenda," first

became stage-struck while studying in Paris. His father once held a staff appointment at Sandhurst, but he was born at Camberley, in Surrey, and educated almost entirely in France and Germany. On his return to England he was at once placed under a tutor, with a view to entering the army, a profession he never loved, and one which he was at last permitted to desert in favour of the stage. On being allowed "to become an actor," he at once joined a touring stock company, and though the experiences of those days were hard, they have since stood him in very good stead. His first London engagement was with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and afterwards he joined Mr. Beerbohm Tree's company, and has since played at the Comedy, Globe, and



MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Court Theatres, everywhere scoring successes for his artistic comedy acting. He joined Mr. Wyndham for "The Silent Battle," and was also the Hon. Charles Teviot in "The Bauble Shop," at the Criterion, before becoming a member of Mr. George Alexander's company, with which he has been ever since.

Pretty and talented Miss Vera Beringer, now much too big to play Little Lord Fauntleroy any longer, has been soaring aloft, and in the main successfully, in Helen Faucit's original part of Julie de Mortemar in Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu." On the first night of the revival at the Parkhurst Theatre, Miss Vera Beringer played to an audience including her mother and many friends.

Even though its rhetoric may be showy, I have, I must confess, something like affection for "Richelieu" as an acting play, and this feeling has, I know, been shared by at least a generation of players. "Richelieu" was for years in the repertory of every stock company, and so well was the play known that the phrase, "Here's another discontented paper," used in one of the great scenes of the play, came to be employed habitually by actors concerning comrades who grumbled. On one occasion Barry Sullivan, as the Cardinal, caused great fun by uttering the words, "Behold De Mauprat," in mincing tones quite suggestive of the affected young gentleman who was playing that part.

Realism in the way of stage combat was carried to a truly sanguinary pitch in a recent performance of "Romeo and Juliet" in Canada. In the street-brawl the Mercutio cut Tybalt severely on the forehead; and the latter, for once meriting the epithet which Juliet applies to him, and half blinded by a stream of his own gore, stabbed poor Romeo in the arm. Fortunately, neither the impetuous Capulet nor the amorous Montague was much the worse for the wound. This chapter of accidents, however, might have been attended with consequences as disastrous as those of the Temple-Crozier fatality—a further proof of the necessity for handling stage-weapons carefully.

It is not surprising that such a merry farce as "A Night Out" should have reached its two hundredth performance without showing any signs of wear-and-tear. Nor was I sorry to have an excuse for paying a second visit, which resulted in very hearty laughter. To grace the occasion, a new one-act play by Mr. Risqué, called "Round a Tree," was produced. It is a pleasant, amusing trifle, somewhat far-fetched perhaps; but it entertained the audience, and enabled Miss Florence Lloyd—I was charmed to make her acquaintance—to show that she is a handsome girl with no little gift for acting. I should like to have the time to speak of the clever work in "A Night Out," but must limit myself to a word in praise of Mr. Wyes and Mr. Giddens.

Miss Ada Murray, who played a part of some importance in her son Mr. Percy Murray's farcical comedy, "Poor Old Perkins," brought out the other day at a Strand matinée, will be remembered as having been the original representative of the spiteful and malicious Virginie in "Drink." Years before that she made a brave figure in that gorgeous Covent Garden spectacle "Babil and Bijou." Miss Ada Murray married a well-known provincial actor, who is still touring with his own company.

One result, salutary, I presume, of the latest campaign of Prudes on the Prowl is to be found in an announcement issued by the management of the Canterbury and Paragon music-halls. This curtly requires all artists to submit their songs for approval to the management before they are sung in public. But the Canterbury and the Paragon were *not* the halls to which hostile allusion in this regard was made at the recent proceedings before the Licensing Committee.

I hear pleasant news concerning several of our most promising operatic vocalists. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, the young Irish baritone, is touring across St. George's Channel, with Mr. Barton McGuckin's concert-party. Another Hibernian, Mr. Joseph O'Mara, is also winning laurels in his native land with the company playing Villiers Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien"; and Miss Kirkby Lunn, who was in the original cast of that opera, has been proving herself a new recruit of value to the Carl Rosa Company.

Mr. Ian Robertson's curtain-raiser at the Royalty, "The Storm," gave way on Saturday evening to Mr. H. V. Esmond's amusing duologue "In a Punt," in which the clever author figured for the first time as a vocalist.



The hunchback showing the woman who rejects him (Miss Hammond) out of the gate.

"THE STORM," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

In other hands than his the part of the hunchback in "The Storm" would have been rather top-heavy. As it was, the little piece became impressive. Mr. Esmond is now a comedian once more. But he is nothing if not versatile.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Battersea Park is once more the fashionable resort for cyclists, and it is not to be wondered at, as the authorities that are try to make things pleasant, instead of putting difficulties in the way, as they do in Hyde Park. The park is practically given up to wheelmen and wheelwomen in the afternoon, and cycles of all grades and sizes may be seen covering the two miles that compose the circular road. This, I am informed, is the exact distance round, so pedallers can therefore tot up how many miles they have been by the number of laps they have covered.

For beginners, also, the straight walk along the Embankment is reserved; and, as no carriages are allowed there, those who have not overcome the inclination to guide their bike straight into any vehicle may gain the necessary confidence required. It may not be generally known, also, that the privilege is enjoyed on this walk, not allowed on other roads, of having dogs follow and run about without leading-strings. At least, so the custodian of peace and order informed me.

It is curious the want of knowledge of many folk, who have the idea that French ladies who disport themselves on their bicyclettes are given to wearing the "Bloomer" costume. I can assure my readers that this is a great fallacy, and that no lady in French society would be seen on her bicycle except in the recognised skirt—and a very full-cut skirt, too. The "bloomers" that may be seen—and there are plenty of them, both tight-fitting and roomy—belong to a class who court notoriety. French society is not to be seen careering about the streets of Paris, like our London aristocracy.

A good deal of attention is now being given to motor-cycles, and several firms are spending large sums of money in experimenting with a view to producing a suitable article; but, so far, they have been unsuccessful. One of the great difficulties is the enormous weight of the motor. A motor-bicycle cannot be produced at present weighing much less than 120 lb., so that it is practically unserviceable for general purposes. That motor-tricycles may succeed, I believe, as these do not require any balancing, and the rider can, therefore, devote his attention better to guiding and the mechanism.

Thirty-one miles an hour seems almost incredible for a bicycle-ride, but this has been accomplished by that fine athlete Tom Linton (brother of A. V. Linton, who won the long-distance contest in France, and who died recently). This great performance was accomplished on the Crystal Palace track, and establishes a record. The exact distance was 31 miles 582 yards in the hour.

Mr. M. L. Rucker, of cycle fame, who has taken up racing in earnest, has named his £5000 yearling, which he purchased from the Prince of Wales, "Dunlop."

The executive of the Dublin Show announce that they intend exhibiting a bicycle ridden by Sir J. Power in 1812.

People are beginning to return to town after their "villeggiatura" on the breezy Scotch moors, at seaside resorts, or Continental Spas. The other day I saw Mrs. Walter Creyke riding with her daughters in Hyde Park, also Lady Colin Campbell and the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland. It is such an improvement extending the ride in the Park up to the Marble Arch. I wonder when Mr. Akers-Douglas will give us the cycling track of asphalt that I hear has been long promised.

J. O. Shorland, the long-distance cycling champion of New Zealand, is the present holder of the 50 and 100 miles amateur records of the Colony. He also holds the principal place-to-place records, namely, Christchurch to Dunedin, 230 miles; Christchurch to Hokitika, 150 miles. He is thirty-one years of age, commenced cycling in 1892, and is a cousin of Frank Shorland, the well-known English rider.

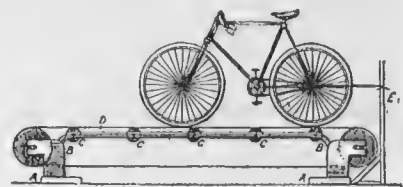


J. O. SHORLAND.

Photo by Standish and Preece, New Zealand.

both fast and slowly, and have the same difficulties to contend with as if on the high-road. The instructor can consequently remain close to his pupil, and save him from some of those painful if not dangerous falls so common to all beginners.

As shown in the sketch, the machine is composed of two iron supports (A) fixed to the floor, held together by two cramps (B) acting as holders for a series of wheels (C), on which runs a very strong canvas band (D) about twenty inches wide; a small post (E) serves to attach the axle of the hind wheel of the bicycle to prevent its advancing. It is said that the resistance offered to the cycle wheel when in work is about the same as on a good macadam road.



I hear that Lord Dufferin's eldest son, Lord Ava, who is a good cyclist as well as a good polo-player, has introduced cycling in all its branches to the Ranelagh Club at Barnes, and that, in consequence, several new members have recently joined. I hear that Mr. Gerald Balfour is an ardent cyclist. I hear that Sir W. M. Conway, who was very delicate in his youth, attributes his prowess in mountaineering and marvellous powers of endurance to the cycle. I hear that Lady Milton, the Marchioness of Zetland's handsome daughter, is a worthy compeer of Lady Warwick on the wheel. I hear that the Walnut Tree Club for both sexes, which is to be opened early next year in the neighbourhood of Kew Gardens, is likely to make a good many marriages in the coming season. It will certainly be a most ideal place of resort for cyclists, and the yearly subscription, of two guineas for ladies, and three guineas for gentlemen, does not seem exorbitant, considering all the facilities that are provided. I hear that the weight of the heaviest bike is fifty pounds; it was built for Mrs. Hamel, of San Francisco, whose weight is about twenty stone. She is said to be a very good wheelwoman.

One is accustomed to the sight of an ayah with silver bangles of ornate Oriental design adorning not only her arms, but her other extremities. It does, however, somewhat take one by surprise to meet with a smart young lady bicyclist with a massive gold bangle round her ankle! Is this to become the fashion, and shall we hear by-and-by that the engagement-ring has given place to the engagement-anklet? I have not yet seen them illustrated in those tempting advertisements of jewellery establishments which figure so largely on the pages of the various ladies' papers, but possibly they may find a place among the "Christmas novelties" which will soon appear. I expect to hear next of some fair cyclist emulating the historic lady, so dear to us in our nursery days, who rode not on a bike, but on a white horse to Banbury Cross, and who, for the sake of the pleasant music, and perhaps also to warn unwary pedestrians to get out of her way, wore "bells on her toes." The practical difficulty that suggests itself is, what would become of the bells when the lady dismounted? I would suggest that the bells be attached to the anklet above-mentioned instead of to the rider's toes; and thus the bangle might become useful as well as ornamental. I have not taken out a patent for this latest form of bicycle-bell, so no one need fear the consequences of infringing my rights.

"Made in Germany" is usually a synonym for something cheap and nasty, but America, sooner or later, comes to the front, and an enthusiastic inventor is now prepared to supply a limited number of machines for one shilling each. Tommy Dodson is fourteen years of age, and was hard up. He had the craze of the day in an acute form, but Tommy could not buy a cycle for a shilling, so he made one for himself. He visited a carpenter's shop and bought some wood; then he bought a leather strap with some holes punched in it. Returning home, he shut himself up in a room for several hours a-day, and one morning he sallied forth on his bike, all complete. To show that it was no child's toy, Tommy rode through the streets of New York, dodging his way among the horses as if he had been on a first-class Rudge. Orders came in thick and fast, and now Tommy has a sort of miniature cycle-works, turning out the cheapest machines in the world, and buyers can now have a bicycle for a shilling.

THE LYRE WITH SEVEN STRINGS.*

Whoever has listened to Mr. Clifford Harrison's interpretation of prose and poetry, set to pianoforte accompaniment, will on reading "The Lute of Apollo" recognise the same felicity of style, the same evidence of a cultured mind, which have made the author's recitals remarkable. Mr. Harrison writes on the subject of music with all the advantage not only of being an enthusiastic and accomplished student, but with a harvest of thoughts gained by diligent reading in many fields. Writers differing as widely in their conclusions as Mr. A. J. Balfour, Max Nordau, H. R. Haweis, and Mr. St. George Mivart, are quoted with excellent discretion in connection with various theories on music. Mr. Harrison believes with Carlyle that if you "see deep enough, you see musically: the heart of Nature being everywhere Music—if you can only reach it." Every page reveals the scholarly mind of the author and will touch a responsive chord in other minds. Mr. Harrison's search for parallels between music and life is both interesting and informative. He often attains real eloquence, as in the case of the conclusion to Chapter VI. The volume will be welcomed by a large circle of those who have often enjoyed the written as well as the spoken words of Mr. Harrison. It is likely to stimulate an intellectual study of what is, in the language of Sir Thomas Browne, "an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world."

* "The Lute of Apollo." By Clifford Harrison. London: A. D. Innes and Co.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

There is a morai to be deduced from the season's Rugby, so far as it has gone; but, unfortunately, it is difficult to comprehend. You see, there is some consistency in the inconsistency of the Football Leaguers, but there are wheels within wheels in the Rugby world. To commence with, we have no opportunity of comparing form as between the legalised teams and the wicked, outlawed Northern Union Clubs, for the two classes are forbidden to come into contact. *En parenthèse*, one may be pardoned for expressing astonishment that what is sauce among the Associationists should lose its quality when the Rugbyists come up. For that matter, scarcely any two sports are alike in their treatment of professionalism.

Putting the Northern Union Clubs out of the question (though, to my mind, they represent the strongest in the land), and leaving even the

vengeance. Their first six matches yielded them 200 points to 9, and, if that isn't sensational, then kindly tell me something better.

In all this state of puzzlement one thing is quite clear, and that is that Blackheath have fallen from their high estate. They still have plenty of their good men, but, unfortunately, those good men do not happen to be in their best form. The absence of Maturin from half-back surely cannot make all the difference, for Baiss, the Oxford captain, is one of the best men behind the pack. I am inclined to think that there is too little judgment in the Blackheath team. The "force" is sufficient.

The overthrow of the Combined Universities by London and the South was not the least sensational performance of the season. I can safely say that I have never seen finer half-back play than that of Wells and Cattell in this match. We may look for them in the Scotland match.



MAORI FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANDISH AND PREECE, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

Welsh out of count (though the Welsh can turn out two or three clubs to smother the Southerners), we have quite enough to do in confining ourselves solely to the South.

Our conservatism as a race was exemplified in the general dubbing of the match between Blackheath and the London Scottish as for the championship of the South. Mind you, I do not say that it will not prove to have been so. But it is certainly true that when those famous teams and rivals met at the Rectory Field, the Richmond Football Club had shown themselves to be the best fifteen in the Metropolis, by virtue of an unbeaten certificate and of a glorious victory gained over the seemingly invincible Cambridge University men.

Now comes the strangest circumstance of all. While London Scottish were engaged in lowering the colours of Blackheath, which of itself was a huge bit of "unexpectedness," not to say "flukiness," Richmond were hopelessly outplayed by Oxford University. *Ergo*, Oxford must be better than Cambridge, more especially from the fact that the London Scottish had previously played a draw with the Dark Blues.

One of these bright days someone will rise up and protest strongly against this wicked deception, for figures show the Cantabs to be much superior to the Oxonians, and, indeed, to anything on earth and thirty legs. Cambridge not only win their matches, but they win them with a

Certain writers of bilious hue whenever football is mentioned, had a huge find the other day, when it was reported—and correctly so—that at a certain League match a betting-man was publicly shouting the odds. If they do not already know it, they are at liberty to manufacture more copy out of the fact that a Continental firm of turf accountants have issued a circular relative to the "Football Association Cup 1896-7," and that it is now possible to back your fancy at long odds.

Now there is proof positive that football is a hot-bed of betting and gambling of the worst type. Just because some people are so wedded to wagering that they would put money on anything, we shall have the whole world of football condemned. And yet, upon whose shoulders would one put the blame, because one man sends such a circular to his regular sporting clients, or that another shouts the odds in the cheap parts of a football enclosure, the managers of which are in complete ignorance of the affair until it is brought to their notice afterwards?

The Te Kotahitanga (English translation, "United") Football Club has been formed some four years, and is a purely Maori Club, the members hailing from the Greytown North Maori Pah. In the season 1895 they successfully competed for the Wairarapa Rugby Union Junior Championship, and this season saw them enter the senior ranks and acquit themselves creditably. The team is a very weighty one, and is captained by F. Faulkener, a Maori of splendid physique. In their

president, Mr. Tamehau Mahubuku, Chief of the Papawai Tribe, they have one who looks well after their interests. He has only just recently provided the club with a drag and five horses, to enable the players the more easily to reach the football-ground. A Maori brass band is also attached to the club.



W. GASCOIGNE.
Photo by Broadhead, Leicester.

W. Gascoigne, the goal-keeper of the New Brompton F.C., is a corporal in the Chatham Royal Marine Band (violin and clarinet). Gascoigne was born at Sealkote, India, in 1871; he stands 5 ft. 10½ in., and weighs close upon 14 st., so that, as may be inferred, he is a rather forbidding opponent on the football-field. He has assisted Kent County upon seventeen occasions.

McEwan, of Luton, whose portrait is given on this page, is the best professional full-back in the South of England. More than that, he has some inferiors and few superiors in the North and Midlands. Although only a little man—he stands but 5 ft. 6 in.—he is wonderfully powerful, and, for a dashing back, is unusually safe. McEwan has been with the club a number of years.

CRICKET.

The Millennium is coming. In defiance of conservatism, many changes are taking place in the first-class cricket world, not the least important being the decision of Derbyshire County to meet Sussex.

This is very kind of Derbyshire, though they can afford to be generous, seeing that only last year were they reinstated to first-class rank. "Money talks" in cricket, and Derbyshire is richer than Sussex. Still, we will not grumble if this is to be the keynote to the chord of equality and uniformity in regard to the matches played by each of the championship counties.

Until that blissful state is attained, the championship competition will continue to trouble. Probably there will never be complete satisfaction for followers of "big" cricket, who are far too progressive for this world. No game possesses so many votaries, and no game is so provocative of discussion. That is partly why cricket is such an adorable game.

GOLF.

Golf is no new thing in Banff. A local antiquarian, Dr. Cramond, has unearthed a record of "ane leud liver and boy of ane evill lyiff," the son of a "mahster" in the town, who stole two "golff ballis" as long ago as 1637. But although centuries old, the game has not always been fashionable on that distant Northern coast. It was neglected for many a day until the craze took hold of the Southern country and swept back to Scotland. There is an active club now in Banff, with a convenient little club-house, and young ladies as well as men of all ages may be seen looking for lost balls among the round pebbles on the beach. That is the worst of it. The course is very narrow, lying as it does between the railway and the sea, which steals an inch from the land



THE BANFF GOLF LINKS.

every year or two. But if you do not find great sport on these links, you will at least find quietness, pure air, and pleasant company. And by putting money in the cash-box you may help yourself to whatever refreshment the club-house contains.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Fifteen (from July 29 to October 21) of THE SKETCH can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent; or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

If the Earl of Suffolk's proposal is passed by the Jockey Club, we shall have flat-racing the year round, and it is to be hoped that professional jockeys will be allowed to ride in the races suggested by his lordship. National Hunt flat-races, under the present régime, are not popular items in racing programmes, although Clerks of Courses favoured them when the late Mr. Abingdon rode, as he often had to buy back the winner at a tall price, to the benefit of the fund. I suggest that gentlemen get a permit before riding in National Hunt flat-races, as they have to do from the Jockey Club if they want to ride under the Rules of Racing on equal terms with the jockeys.

Managed stables have not been over-successful this year, other than Hayhoe's and Marsh's. Captain Machell has not been able to appropriate many prizes for his patrons; the horses owned by Messrs. Calvert and Rucker, and managed by Mr. R. Peck, can hardly have paid their way; and Sir Blundell Maple's team, managed by Mr. Bird, have been very unlucky. Lord Marcus Beresford had the pleasure of seeing the City and Suburban won by Worcester for Mr. Barney Barnato, but the South African millionaire has otherwise had a bad racing season.

I suppose it is satisfactory to find that the plates and stakes to be run for at Newmarket during next year have filled, and some of them filled well, judging by their wretchedly impecunious conditions, but there are a couple of old-established events that have failed to attract the number of animals prescribed in the conditions. For instance, the Calendar of a week ago had at the end of the Dullingham Plate conditions, "Twenty-five entries or no race." This race has attracted but twenty-two animals, which are published in the current Calendar, but the Limekiln Stakes, which has also failed to attract the stipulated number of subscribers, is dismissed in one line thus, "Did not fill." Perhaps these two failures will cause the Stewards to overhaul their house, and make their races more worthy the place at, and the conditions under, which they are run. A pleasing feature in connection with those races that have filled is the support accorded by the Prince of Wales, who has freely entered his yearlings.



McEWAN, LUTON F.C.
Photo by American Photographic Company, Luton.

Every possible care is taken of the turf on the Manchester Racecourse, but in places the herbage is always thin, probably owing to the fumes coming from the chemical-works on the Canal-side. The stands are well appointed and the show is run on the most liberal lines in the matter of prize-money, so that good sport is nearly always assured. The Mancunians patronise the course in their thousands, women as well as men, but it cannot be said that the Club enclosure is ever too full of members—a contrast to Liverpool, where the county farmers always patronise the local race-meeting. The greatest courtesy is shown to trainers running horses at Manchester, and even the lads who take the animals to the course are waited on at the stations and their luggage is taken to and from New Barns free of charge.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, thanks in the main to the big prizes won by St. Frusquin, will head the list of winning owners in 1896, but the Prince of Wales, to the extreme satisfaction of all racegoers, will come out close to the top of the tree, and if Thais had won the races she was fancied for, his Royal Highness might have been first on the list. Of the trainers, Marsh and Hayhoe have done well, but Jewitt has met with tantalising luck. Walters, who trains for Lord Rosebery, has had a fine time of it this season; so has Peacé, of Lambourne.

Of the jockeys, M. Cannon and T. Loates have done the best of the year. Loates has by far the better average, and, without a doubt, he must have taken a long lead but for his accident on Troon at Manchester. John Watts, who is, it is said, about to go into business as a trainer, has a capital racing average for 1896, and his wins on Persimmon in the Derby, St. Leger, and Jockey Club Stakes will often be referred to by future historians of the Turf. Colling, the grandson of a Yorkshire rector, has a fair number of wins to his credit. He rides under both rules, but cannot go to scale at much under 9 st. Of the light-weights, N. Robinson has done the best, and he is likely to be in great demand for handicaps next year.

I hear of several amateurs who are about to apply for licences to act as handicappers, and it is just on the cards that competition will settle the question to the satisfaction of owners and the Jockey Club. One stumbling-block to new handicappers will be the rule compelling them to be present at all race-meetings, as the question of expenses is an insurmountable one. Attending all the race-meetings would swallow up a very big income, and no man short of the Official Handicapper to the Jockey Club, his deputy, or say, the Messrs. Ford, could make the game pay under such conditions.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AS WE LIVE NOW.

The meeting of the motors—with apologies to Tommy Moore—outside the Métropole on Saturday brought together a large percentage of the curious and unemployed in all social grades. That these convenient, but at present rather incomplete machines will eventually oust the hack and carriage-horse, no less than humbler breeds of the “nobler animal,” from our midst is a foregone conclusion. But the burning question from a woman's point of view is, naturally, how will the motor affect her picturesquely as well as pecuniarily? The sporting element would, for instance, surely be very lacking in trundling placidly off to a meet in a petroleum dog-cart, or tooling down to tea at Hurlingham behind an electric battery instead of four lively chestnuts. But the reverse side of this argument will appeal to many, while the luxurious aspect must necessarily rest with the few, so that the possession of a real live horse will be more than ever a joy, if, indeed, not now a distinction as well. Something even newer and more amazing than motors is the electric fishing-net, which a scientific Frenchman has just invented, and by means of which he claims

not only to capture but attract the finny treasure of the deep: a distinction with a difference which enterprising mothers of many daughters will no doubt appreciate. Without going into diffuse detail, however, the gist of this electrical fishing lies in the method of attraction firstly, and this consists of luminous buoys containing batteries connected with incandescent lamps. Said buoys, with other bait, are placed in the nets, and silly fish attracted from all sides are speedily drawn in and practically done for. Instead of the primitive method, watchmen are superseded by mechanical contrivances attached to a special buoy. Bells are rung when the nets are full, and the “takes” are enclosed and raised by electricity. So it really seems that there is something new under the sun at last. But these developments of our latter-day forces lead to other and even wider fields of speculation. If the fisherman be thus absolved from his original occupation,



[Copyright.]

A DRAB CANVAS CLOTH DRESS.

how, for instance, about bringing science to bear on the still more delicate manipulations of the feminine angler? I offer the subject as one fruitful of debate for one or two ladies' clubs—the Mayfairian Man-Haters, for choice.

Meanwhile, turning to the inevitable muttons of our gowns, where to get and how to wear them, I have noticed that drab—good, old-fashioned Quaker colour—has not caught on with us as in Paris, where it is worn with enthusiasm and among the very smart. It is, in fact, with them the colour of the season. A Paris gown in the trousseau of a newly married duchess is of this drab moiré velours, the skirt without any fulness at the waist, but standing out well at hem, as is the latest mode. The apron is bordered with bands of ermine tapering to the top, and sable tails are used to garnish these strips of contrasting fur, with good effect. A blouse-shaped bodice embroidered in steel beads was also trimmed with bands of ermine edged with sable tails; and a cape-like drapery of port-wine coloured velvet, similarly decked with fur, made the most harmonious possible finish to this lovely dress. The ermine collar was lined with this same dark-red velvet, and a large muff of the same material developed still further a fascinating mixture of velvet, lace, and sable tails, which was the final achievement of this quite ducal frock. Apropos of sables, one of the notable presents to the bride in question was a sledge-rug sent by a friend in freezing Moscow, whose *oussadba* is in a great trapping centre. This rug, entirely composed of dark sable skins from

the top to middle—heads, tails, and all—was arranged below the knees with skins curiously fixed in all directions, and crossed even to fill the gaps. It was lined with fine cloth, a deep, rich terra-cotta shade, and edged with a double flounce of the same, cut on the cross. I never saw anything more magnificent. For a younger bride, who is also at the moment on her honeymoon, a ball-dress of ivory satin came from Jay which more than a little deserves some descriptive sentences. The skirt, covered with an upper skirt of white silk gauze, is surrounded by a wide hem at bottom, over which are laid two ruches of the gauze edged with white satin, in the form of chevrons crossing each other. Around the *décolletée* is a double gather of white gauze, and a scarf of white satin forms a double lapel in front, starting from right to left and ending at the left shoulder. Lapels embroidered in foliage with coloured silks, mixed with spangles, uncut turquoises, and trimmed with bows of old blue Louis Seize silk, give a dainty and unexpected touch to the bodice. The sleeves are quaintly shaped, being like small balloons of embroidered gauze and tulle ruchings. The waistband, of white satin ribbons, has long ends, which cross each other at back, extending to the ruche at hem, where each is held in place by means of a wide white satin bow. No mere *résumé* of its attractions can, however, quite convey this charming little gown.

I think I mentioned in a recent article that mauve and blue is the coming combination, *vice* the cornflower and emerald connection, at last deposed. Supporting this pronouncement of Kate Reily and other notable fashion-makers comes a tea-gown for an extravagant friend, from



[Copyright.]

A PINK VELVET CAPOTE.



[Copyright.]

NECKLET AND CAPOTE TRIMMED WITH OWL'S FEATHERS.

Beer, in the Place de l'Opéra, made of mauve China crêpe with touches of turquoise, which achieves the most enchanting *ensemble*. Briefly, the under-skirt, of “sun-pleated” mousseline-de-soie, is made in groups of gathers at the waist, the bodice also gathered at both neck and waist. Three rows of silver-spangled tulle insertion trim skirt back and front

from waist to hem, and the bodice also. Over this dress mauve China crêpe is arranged to form a drapery, held in place beneath the arms with turquoise brooches, and again at belt. The sleeves of mauve crêpe are draped high over the shoulder, and gathered along the seam to waist, making long, wing-like arrangements, which are lined with turquoise silk, knots of the same-hued ribbon catching up a cascade of wide Malines lace in front of bodice.

In company with our fashions in frocks and furnishing, reproductions have now also become the rage in glass and china, particularly the latter. At Mortlock's famous shop in Regent Street some of the loveliest possible designs are on view, those old Sèvres patterns, for instance, by which our departed grandmothers set such store, some having bunches of pink roses caught together with blue ribbons that go curving and looping all around the cup or plate, others of the rococo manner, with four Watteau figures on cup or saucer, and background of plain gold or colours under a fanciful tracery. Three-handled loving-cups in glass for holding flowers are also a novelty, and glasses of various shapes, delicately engraved with gold, are once more revisiting glimpses of the moon, or rather, its electric indoor prototype. Before wandering farther afield on this attractive subject of the house beautiful, I must deliver up the particular ingredients of the illustrated gown and hats for well-deserved admiration. The dress, of a drab canvas cloth, trimmed with black braid and green velvet, is the last idea both in form and colour. The usual broad apron coming over the hips is now an inseparable part of the newest frocks, and is in this moleskin-coloured original trimmed with four rows of black mohair braid of unequal widths. Both back and sides of this bell-shaped skirt are wide, full, and trimmed with five rows of the unequal braid in circles of threes. A seamless bodice fastens on the left side with black passementerie buttons. At this side is seen a narrow bias of green velvet, and a bolero, larger on right than left side, is also garnished with the braid. A neck-trimming of lace and emerald velvet is matched by frillings of the same at wrists, and a waistband of wide black satin fastens on left side under a smart bow.

Owl-feathers are now beginning to enjoy a vogue with that numerous section of the capricious fair which dearly loves a place, thing, or, very often, a person, because he, she, or it is a new and unfamiliar experience. An acquaintance of this disposition has just provided herself, for the foregoing reasons, with a toque of petunia velvet; the crown, rather wide, is draped in irregular points. An owl's head and wings, which meet behind and fall over the hair, is, I am bound to admit, exceedingly smart, and a neck-trimming of the hooter's breast-feathers acquits itself admirably as a ruffle. Biretta toques are a new version of this becoming shape, and illustrated in another sketch. An apricot-yellow velvet crown, higher behind than in front, is surrounded by a moss-green velvet brim, embroidered with turquoise and spangles. On the left a jewelled buckle is made the base of a white brush aigrette and tuft of black feathers.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MAIDENHEAD.—You can, I believe, get the Dutch Helm Cocoa at any first-rate place, like Morel's, or at the Stores, probably. It has a quite delicious flavour and is most nutritious.

SYBIL.

THEATRE-GOWNS FOR AMERICA.

It is for the edification of American playgoers that the new "Dancing Girl," Miss Kate Rorke, has indulged in an exquisite new gown, but I think we can manage to get some preliminary gratification out of even a mental vision of its charms.

Try to imagine, then, a skirt which primarily is of white silk; then of pale-green silk, with its accordion-pleated folds opening out as they near the hem, and shining with a sprinkling of gold paillettes; and, finally, of mousseline-de-soie, where vine-leaves in lace appliqué veined with gold trail in careless grace. Each skirt is bordered with roses—soft, full-blown flowers in delicate pink—so closely massed together that they have almost the effect of a shower of petals, and then, pendent from the waist, a trail of flowers and leaves is caught up midway by a great bow of satin ribbon, to meet two streamers of roses which fall down the back. The bodice is a marvel of soft drapery, so arranged as to show in their full beauty the patterned vine-leaves, and it ends its career in a belt which is ablaze with jewels, while for sleeves there are just tiny pleatings of the mousseline fastened by diamond clasps and with festoons of roses falling over the arms.

Truly an ideal gown for an ideal dancing-girl—I can imagine nothing lovelier than that skirt, with its shimmer of gold, its cool, fresh green, its inner purity of white, and all that wealth of pink roses, fully displayed as Drusilla Ives comes down the great staircase in the third act.

And now, having heard the full tale of its loveliness, surely I need hardly tell you that it was created by Messrs. Jay—it proclaims their genius in its every fold. Another beautiful stage-gown has been made by the famous firm for Miss Violet Vanbrugh to wear in America in the big act of "The Queen's Proctor." Look on its portrait and fall in love with it immediately. The skirt is of turquoise-blue peau-de-soie, quite plain save for some tiny pleatings over the hips, while the back is softened by long sash-ends of chiffon finished with little tucks and pleated frills. The bodice is all soft chiffon, made in the full pouch fashion which Miss Vanbrugh affects, thereby showing her discretion, for it suits her well, and, moreover, it accentuates the smartness of the little waistband of tightly drawn black satin, which is held in bondage at the back by the loveliest of long and narrow buckles, where many turquoises have a setting of old silver.

Moreover, there is a great, square collar of exquisite lace, which stands out over the shoulders, guarding a modest puffing of chiffon, and gives that breadth for which we all crave; but, of course, the under-sleeves are quite tight and plain, though this can well be forgiven them, for they are of the same lovely lace, its mellow-tinted transparency making the arms beneath look all the whiter by contrast.

Sundry little turquoise and diamond buttons fasten the collar on the shoulders, and at the waist a cluster of camellias, their waxen whiteness flushed here and there with pink, complete the picture, though I should remind you perhaps that for this occasion Miss Vanbrugh adopts glorious Titian-red hair, and wears great golden earrings.

Still another gown destined for a theatrical celebrity's wear across the herring-pond has an accordion-pleated skirt of yellow satin, sprinkled with gold sequins and veiled with white lisse. A deep ceinture of moiré ribbon, shading from deepest orange to pale yellow, and then giving just a glimpse of ivory white, loses itself eventually in the soft laces of the *décolletage*, where some vividly hued nasturtiums are clustered together to complete the scheme of colour. And then, as a welcome contrast to the already diminutive sleeves, which are threatening to become conspicuous by their absence, there are long, transparent sleeves



[Copyright.]

MISS VANBRUGH'S NEW GOWN FOR "THE QUEEN'S PROCTOR."

of the lace. Miss Fanny Ward, whose smart gowns in "A Night Out" excite the envy and admiration of Vaudeville audiences, has just had two wonderful gowns from Jay. One for evening wear rejoices in the latest variety of the trimmed skirt, the fabric, cerise chiffon, bordered with a flounce which, from a comparatively modest height in front, deepens rapidly as it nears the back, while its airy fulness is headed by a band of sable. Above this flounce come three tiny little frills, clustering closely together, and, higher still, one little frill which is all alone in its glory, the result of their curves being a somewhat curious apron effect, which would not, I fear, become the majority of women. The bodice leaves the rounded shoulders quite bare; but to make up for this there are long sleeves of shirred chiffon which modestly hide even the wrists. Some white mousseline-de-soie, appliqué with yellowish lace and sprinkled with steel paillettes, is arranged in bolero fashion, and turned over at the top with white satin ribbon intermixed with twists of pale blue and delicate mauve, all three colours combining to form a big bow at the left side. It is a wonderful dress, but even lovelier is a day-gown, which has a skirt of white corduroy velvet, bordered with two bands of sealskin, which are divided by an appliqué of costly guipure, the fur fashioning the pouch-bodice, which is held in at the waist by a belt of gold galon studded with turquoises, while four round turquoise buttons, rimmed with gold, find a most effective background in the rich darkness of the fur, the lace making another and a most effective appearance in the form of sleeves and yoke.

FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Nov. 24.

A fortnight ago we said there had been a drop of ten points in Chinese gold bonds, and several correspondents have called our attention to the mistake. We must apologise to our readers for the error, into which we were led by the Official List, which called the price 97 instead of 107, and admitted its mistake the next day.

CONSOLIDATED GOLD FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The position and prospects of this company were exhaustively considered at the Ordinary General Meeting held on the 11th inst., and it may reasonably be inferred from the fact that no response was made by the shareholders to the invitation of the chairman to ask questions, that the information laid before the meeting was regarded as satisfactory. The net result for the year, after providing for all outgoings, was an available balance (including the sum brought forward from last year) of £1,946,053. Out of this amount a final dividend of 15s. was declared, making, with the interim dividend of 10s. per share paid, a total distribution of 25s. per share for the year, or 125 per cent. on the paid-up capital. This result for the past year cannot but be considered highly satisfactory, but it is to the future that shareholders must look. The company's success being now almost entirely dependent upon deep-level mining, a great deal of the time of the meeting was devoted to that question. Mr. John Hays Hammond, the company's engineer, dealt exhaustively with this subject, and endeavoured to assure the shareholders that there was a big future in store for deep-level mining in the Rand. Whether or not these expectations will be realised remains to be seen. It is an easy enough task to work out such questions in theory, but many unforeseen difficulties may arise before all the hopes of sanguine people are realised, although eventually, we imagine, the obstacles will be overcome.

QUEENSLAND NATIONAL BANK.

A cablegram from Brisbane announcing the result of the investigation by the Government Committee into the affairs of this bank, has created quite a sensation among those interested on this side. It has been well known for some time back that a crisis was approaching, and that fresh arrangements would require to be made with its creditors in the way of extending deposits and reduction of interest. But the public were not prepared for the sensational report which has come to hand, from which it appears that at the present moment the bank is hopelessly insolvent—the liabilities exceeding as they do the assets by £2,436,000. The paid-up capital, the amount at credit of profit and loss account, the contingency account, and the interest and suspense account, amounting altogether to £1,183,000, have been lost, and there is still a deficit of £1,253,000. The Government seems to have recognised the serious effect which was likely to be created by such disclosures, for on the day following that on which the report was laid upon the table of the House, a Government Bill was brought in and passed by both Houses of the Legislature, guaranteeing the current deposits in the bank for a period of twelve months.

Unlike the other Australian Colonies, the Queensland Government keeps its banking account exclusively with the Queensland National, and at the present moment the Government is the largest creditor of the bank. And, furthermore, when it is borne in mind that the Government is a preferential creditor, it will be seen how helpless is the condition of the other creditors. Liquidation under such conditions would, of course, be disastrous to the private depositors if the Government exercised its right.

Altogether, the depositors are in a sorry plight. It is stated that the bank has still a sound, profitable business, which should enable the creditors to realise twenty shillings in the pound. It is estimated that the bank can pay expenses, 2½ per cent. to depositors, provide for risks, and show an annual surplus of £100,000, while the deficit of £1,250,000 should be extinguished in twelve to fourteen years! We should like to know how this estimate is arrived at before we accept it, as we note that, in connection with the valuation of the assets, it is based on their being realised judiciously at values now ruling and not by forced sales. This process, we fear, puts too sanguine a complexion upon such realisation. We quite agree with the committee that liquidation would be disastrous for everyone concerned, and we are afraid that creditors will find themselves in a very helpless position when the time comes for their decision in the matter. At the end of the fourteen years, we presume, the shareholders may begin to consider whether they have a chance. There are objections to keeping your savings with the Government bankers which we should imagine depositors will not easily forget.

THE CHARTERED MEETING.

The meeting of the Chartered Company offered a beautiful illustration of the gregarious nature of shareholders, which resulted in their being carried away by the eloquence of one of their number to the extent of voting unanimously against the underwriting arrangements proposed by the directors. It is a rare occurrence that directors' proposals of this kind are thrown over, as they are expected to be in a better position than the shareholders to determine whether or not it is necessary to bring in the aid of underwriters. There was no question as to the good faith of the directors, but it was the contention of Mr. De Pass—the gentleman who brought forward the amendment—that no such necessity existed, as the shareholders, or, failing them, the public, could be reckoned upon for taking up the whole of the issue.

We make no bones about saying that, in our opinion, the shareholders acted most foolishly in refusing to sanction the directors' proposals. Patriotism is a magnificent thing, and no one who week by week reads these "Notes" will accuse us of being Little Englanders; but considering that the syndicate which was willing to underwrite the shares was to get *no cash*, and that its sole profit could be derived from raising the price of the company's shares to a point above that at present ruling, we cannot understand the objection from a shareholder's point of view to the arrangement. For twelve months some of the strongest groups in the City would have had a direct interest in supporting the Chartered market, whereas now the whole future of the concern depends, not upon the enthusiasts who attended the meeting, but on the chance of the great body of shareholders taking up the new capital, and, in addition, keeping the price of the shares up by continually adding to their holdings. If the debentures are not worth par, how can the shares be a good purchase at 150 per cent. premium? Our often-expressed doubts as to the future of the Chartered Company are increased tenfold by what took place on Friday the 6th instant.

MOTOR MOVEMENTS.

The inaugural run from London to Brighton of the Motor Club has opened up quite a new era of locomotion, some people would have us believe. The new mode of travelling has certainly very soon got into the stage of prospectuses. They will, no doubt, in time form a good field for the investor in the dissipation of his capital; but we imagine the founders of Motor companies are at present a little too sanguine in their prospective results. Among a number of prospectuses, we have those of the British Electric Traction Company, Australian Cycle and Motor Company, the London Electrical Cab Company, and Ramsey's Horse, Carriage, Cycle, and Auto-Car Repository; all of which prophesy substantial dividends in the near future. The investor will be wise if he keeps his money in his own pocket for the present, for the oil and steam abortions which mustered this morning at the Hotel Métropole will make the fortunes of no one except the company promoter.

THE LONDON ELECTRICAL CAB COMPANY, LIMITED.

This is just one of those ventures which the wise man will leave alone. We seem to see the hand of Mr. Harry J. Lawson, of Scottish Issue fame, in it, and that we always consider of itself a sufficient reason for caution, although, of course, there are many others. That electricity will take the place of the horse for the propulsion of cabs in the future we have little doubt, but, like every other great innovation, much more will have to be spent, and many people will drop their savings, before motor-cars can be worked on a paying basis.

Theoretically, of course, the electric cab can travel faster than the horse. It is allowed by law to go at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and no doubt many drivers will make this eighteen—if they can. But the law has also provided that the rider or driver of a horse may on holding up his hand cause the motor-car to stop, and there will, doubtless, be many stoppages in this way. Several men we know who ride or drive horses declare they will make every motor-car they meet stop, and will put the law into operation against the owner if he declines to do so. Imagine a journey from the Bank to the Marble Arch conducted on these lines!

The question of accumulators suitable for the purpose of traction has never yet been solved. If any of our readers like to subscribe money to work what last Saturday's trip to Brighton proves to be but an experiment, and that, too, not a successful one, all well and good, but they should understand that electric cabs are an experiment, and, financially, a very risky one.

BOVRIL, LIMITED.

The new prospectus is to be issued on Monday, Nov. 23, with a capital of £2,500,000 and a board which numbers among its members Lord Playfair (chairman), Mr. J. Lawson Johnston (the inventor of Bovril), Mr. George Lawson Johnston, Sir E. Commerell, Sir Francis Knollys, and Mr. Andrew Walker. There seems no reason for holders of the present shares to sell, as they will get £5 6s. from the liquidator, and the right to a preferential allotment of new shares is certainly worth something. We think £5 10s. ought to be the present price, rather than £5 2s. 6d.

HOTCHKISS.

The scheme for the reconstruction of the Hotchkiss Ordnance Company, Limited, has found vent for some considerable animosity between the preference and ordinary shareholders. The committee appointed by the shareholders to form a reorganisation scheme, disagreed over a majority proposal to write down the existing share-capital of £450,000 in ordinary shares and £350,000 in 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares, by £360,000. The new share-capital was to be represented by £440,000 in £1 shares, of which ten new shares were to be allotted to each £10 preference share, and two new shares to each existing £10 ordinary share. Under this plan the preference shareholders were to get 8s. per share as dividend, and £4 10s. was to be written off the capital of both descriptions. One of the dissenters, Mr. C. Lock, was of opinion that only £9 should be allocated to the preference shareholders, and not £10 as proposed, on the ground that arrears of preferential dividends—namely, £3 per share—ought not to be valued at par, as they were not accrued interest, but only payable out of profits when earned. Several other members of the committee put forward amendments, and the question is still unsettled. It is to be

hoped some amicable arrangement between the two classes may soon be arranged. We hear that, as matters now stand, neither party can carry their proposals, so until a *modus vivendi* is invented matters will have to remain as at present.

PALACE THEATRE.

In the spring of this year we advised the purchase of Palace shares, and we were right. The chairman of the Palace Theatre, Limited, in his address to the shareholders on the 12th inst., was very exuberant over the past year's results. The directors are going to pay a 14 per cent. dividend, and promise indirectly a higher rate next year. Count Max Hollender waxes very satirical over the treatment received at the hands of the London County Council, and he severely criticises their refusal to allow the full licence. The change in the character of the entertainment was referred to, the chairman remarking that "all the members of the County Council who represent either finance, industry, or commerce, have been in the minority in our favour." We do not doubt this, and trust the success of the Palace may be maintained.

THE EAST RAND PROPRIETARY COMPANY.

Nothing is doing the Kaffir Circus so much harm as the general feeling that the big men who control the various companies are treating the public in the same way as Jay Gould, Jim Hill, and the other Railway Kings of America in times past treated the ordinary stock-holders. Manipulation, buying-out of supposed rights at absurd prices, closing down of mills, reorganisations, and such-like devices are used for this end. The purchase of the managing director's share of profits in the Consolidated Goldfields, the issue of 1,000,000 shares in the Chartered Company to Mr. Rhodes and his associates against their supposed right to half the profits before there ever have been any, the continual shuffling of the Barnato cards, and a host of other deals, will at once occur to everybody.

No more objectionable case than the East Rand proposals has come before the public, and it is high time that the shareholders exerted themselves, so that the "bosses" may be made to understand such little family arrangements cannot be always carried out. The increase of the capital by the issue of 100,000 shares at 4½ may be all right—at any rate, the proprietors will swallow it if the directors say it is necessary; but to give the H. F. Syndicate 200,000 shares at par (£1) in exchange for its claim to a quarter of the profits after 100 per cent., or £650,000, has been distributed as dividend on the ordinary shares, is so monstrous that it is difficult to find words strong enough to properly characterise it.

For £200,000 the H. F. Syndicate are to get shares worth about a million, and this in exchange for shadowy rights which are about as remote as were those of Mr. Rhodes and his friends in the case of the Chartered Company. Under the best circumstances, in five or six years' time the H. F. Syndicate may get 25 per cent. of the East Rand profits, and it is proposed to give them £800,000 down as a present for kindly consenting to accept 23 per cent. at once. Need we say the board of the East Rand Proprietary and the H. F. Syndicate are one and the same? As long as these sort of things are proposed, and very often carried out, what wonder the public is not inclined to buy Kaffirs!

THE "LADY'S PICTORIAL" AND "SPORTING AND DRAMATIC" PUBLISHING COMPANY.

This issue was considerably over-subscribed, and we are told that every effort has been made to treat all the applicants fairly, allotting to the small people in full, and reducing amounts given to larger ones. The most interesting feature of the applications was the number of advertisers and business connections of both papers to be found among those who desired to acquire a substantial interest in combination. This speaks well for the future of both papers.

THE DUNLOP-TRUFFAULT CYCLE CASE.

The decision in this case is an object-lesson to those persons who, finding out that they have been deceived by the prospectus of some new company, and wanting to get out of their bargain, still do nothing until they are pressed for their calls. Over and over again we have in our Correspondence column warned people against this fatal error, and we hope we have saved not a few in several companies we could name; but, if investors would only remember that as soon as they find out they have been taken in, they must elect either to repudiate their shares at once or accept the position, many victims of the unscrupulous promoter would not now be mourning the irretrievable loss of their money. In the Dunlop-Truffault case a widow-woman was deceived by the use of the name Dunlop, but because she waited a month and paid a call in the meantime, the judge felt bound to decide against her. Let Mrs. Shearman's fate be a warning to that halting class of investors who are so ready to sit down and wait for what may turn up.

Saturday, Nov. 14, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. K.—We sent you the name and address you require on the 13th inst.

STRATHMORE.—We advise you strongly to have no dealings with the firm whose circular you send us.

H. J. M.—We wrote to you fully on the 12th inst.

CENTRAL.—We should hold, in view of the present state of things American and the gradual improvement in Mexico.

KAIKOURA.—(1) As reliable as any of these outside brokers, which is not saying much. (2) We don't think you could be called upon to pay more than what you send them, but we are not legal experts on the laws of partnership. We strongly urge you not to deal with them. (3) We expect the debenture-holders will lose a good bit of their capital. It depends on the New Zealand Government as to how much.

LEX.—On looking carefully over the rules of the Stock Exchange, we think you can be made to pay, but we strongly advise you to answer no more letters in any form, and not to part with your money until you get a lawyer's letter. People often threaten and bluster a lot, but do nothing. Why on earth are you so nervous? When they really take action it will be time enough to pay.

T. D. A.—We answered your letter on the 10th inst.

JUNIOR.—Salisbury Reefs are called 5s., and Rhodesian Mining 10s. to 15s. If you can afford it, you may as well see the gamble out at such prices, but if the money is of any importance to you, sell.

J. G.—Tinto shares are to bearer, and have coupons attached. These are paid on being sent in to the company's bankers in London. If, as we imagine, you have only bought shares and not yet got delivery, claim the dividend through the broker who bought for you.

G. N. B.—We wrote to you on the 10th inst.

H. W.—What on earth has the "City Editor" to do with photographs of garden-scenes? Why don't you write to the Editor of the paper, and send him what you want him to reproduce?

W. M.—(1) If you would take the trouble to read what we have written almost every fortnight for the last six months about Chartered shares, you would not ask our opinion. We have nothing to add to our notes on the subject. (2) Very doubtful. (3) No good. (4) We should rather sell than buy. (5) and (6) Gambles, and doubtful at that. (7) We have no faith in it. Ask Mr. Hess, of the *African Critic*, what he thinks of Nos. 2 and 4.

OCELS.—(1) We still think as an investment the cycle shares will prove a good speculation. Divide your money between Elswick and Swift. (2) The insurance company is doing a good business, but accident companies are more speculative than the ordinary life concerns.

ENGINEER.—We have no special information, but neither can be called "sound mines." We think the West Australian Market will be worse before it is better.

T. H.—(1) The chances of Grand Trunk stocks improving are more than of their going the other way, but the second pref. will never see your price again. (2) We have no faith in it.

E. G. C.—We cannot read your initials very well, but hope we have got them correctly. Consult a good solicitor who is up in company law. If you are to escape you must act promptly (see this week's "Notes"). Should you not know the right person to consult, we will, if you write again, send you privately the name of a gentleman who has great experience in such matters and can be relied on.

J. Y.—We have continually warned people against No. 1, and think both concerns named by you are—well, please supply the missing word, the law of libel prevents us from writing it!

S. J. C.—See answer to "Deeside."

H. W.—We cannot say more about Asbestos at present, as the deal is not concluded.

C. J. L.—You are the third person who has adopted the *nom-de-guerre* of "Junius" this week. (1) We have no reliable information of this mine, and the prospectus is not before us. If Professor William Nicholas is connected with it, you will get a run for your money. (2) Boulder Main Reef, Lady Shenton, Wealth of Nations, and, perhaps, Paddington Consols; but see our general remarks as to the West Australian Market. (3) As a speculation, yes.

H. R.—Thanks for your suggestion. It has been adopted. Outsiders often see things which those interested forget.

DABBLER.—As to Nos. 1 and 2 we will make inquiries and let you know next week. No. 3 we think well of as a cycle company; but, remember, cycle shares are all subject to the risks of trade and the chances of over-production. The capital is moderate, and the company has orders for over twelve thousand machines on its books at this moment.

BAGOT.—(1) Please don't ask conundrums. Why some other newspaper makes statements which we believe to be inaccurate, we cannot possibly tell, but the writer in question is always a "bull" of everything, and we should imagine those who follow him must have had a bad time lately. The only foundation for the "yarn" is that one of the people most largely interested in Dunlops is said to hold shares in the other company. (2) We suppose our correspondent did not think them worth mention. He is 13,000 miles away, and, if you wish, we will send him a cablegram, but you must pay for the message and the reply. (3) We should sell without any hesitation, if the shares were our own.

DUBLIN.—All second-rate, but fairly good. If money remains dear, 2 and 3 will see lower prices; but they are good enough to pay their interest.

P. P.—We think the company has sold its property, and is in course of liquidation, in which case the debentures will soon be paid off. They are a reasonable investment. You cannot do better than buy £200 Trustees and Executors Corporation *prior lien bonds*, or some good brewery debentures, such as Tadcaster Towers or Hardy's Crown Brewery. If you want more than 4 per cent., we consider you would be safe enough in buying a few of the 5½ preference shares of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, at about 5s. premium.

WIDOW.—We have a very poor opinion of it.

DEESIDE.—Our information as to Burbank's is exactly the reverse of what you give, and Professor Nicholas would not be the sort of manager employed to pick the eyes out of any mine, for he would not do it even if told to. Subject to the very unsatisfactory state of the whole West Australian Market, we believe the mine to be a good speculation, but if everything goes worse Burbank's will follow, of course. It is not likely that the yields will go on at the rate of 3 or 4 ounces to the ton, but an ounce and a half will be good enough.

T. W.—What you tell us about the transfers is a surprise, especially as one of the gentlemen in question was in our office a few days ago and gave us a very good opinion of his property. Our West Australian correspondent is responsible for our saying Hannan's Reward is a really good mine. They cannot crush for six months yet. We have no reliable information as to Faith Gold-Mine, but we expect you will regret the purchase. We hear that the New Zealand Consolidated properties are turning out well, and we know the management is in able hands.

SUGGESTION.—(1) Fairly good. (2) As a speculation, worth buying, probably. We will see what we can do in the way you suggest.

WAT.—We don't believe in the concern you name.

J. P. (Dent).—Somebody else has adopted your *nom-de-guerre*, so we are obliged to use your initials. See answer to "Deeside." Our information about the Hannan's Mine is the same as that contained in the cutting you send us, and it comes from two distinct sources. In the West Australian letter we published last week you may have seen our correspondent's opinion. All things West Australian will probably be worse before they are better. Grand Centrals are backed by strong people, and spoken well of in the market. More we cannot say.

R. M. C.—We should avoid anything with which the gentleman mentioned by you had any connection, while the rest of the board are no better. Get out as soon as you can.